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RICK McMILLEN

Rick McMillen our Production Director. In addition to complete production of HUSTLER, his original designs can be seen above on this page, in Bits & Pieces, the head Entertainment Guide design, as well as illustrations for "Penis, Buttocks & Jelly", "Gary Magic," and cartoons.

DON HESTER

Don Hester an outstanding cartoonist, he is, strangely enough or maybe not, retired from the CIA, has worked on guided missiles and jet engines in the Navy, as well as for a number of advertising agencies. He is presently doing portraits of old time Kansas City jazz musicians and taping their reminiscences and sounds.

JEAN-CLAUDE MARTINELLI

Jean-Claude Martinelli, our Music Reviewer, moved to Lucerne, Switzerland, when he decided to catch a Keith Jarrett concert at Montreaux. Young Martinelli continues to observe the music scene from his listening post to Lucerne, making periodic returns to the States, especially to the Cafe Carlyle in New York.

NICK MERRICK

Nick Merrick our Associate Art Director, has designed men's wear for Varsity House, worked on the Burlington Project for

Expo '70 in Japan and with the Disney Studios. He feels that we are presently into the "Second Great Age," since Roman times, of Erotic Art.

PATRICK WILLIAM SALVO

A former rock musician, poet superstar, and conductor of our interview, Patrick William Salvo traveled around the world and came back a writer. Meeting his wife at a 50's rock revival concert, the two hopped a Suzuki 500 to Las Vegas with typewriters on back, and are now hibernating in the Hollywood Hills. Currently freelancing for over 100 publications around the world, television, with a nationally syndicated column, the Salvos have authored three books on music.

MICHAEL FITZPATRICK

Michael Fitzpatrick, who discusses deodorant sex in this issue, claims to have first-hand knowledge on the subject. He personally conducted the research for this article and seems to have survived fairly intact. A book will result from his research, to be called *Sex on My Whipped Cream*.

RICHARD LITWIN

Richard Litwin a fine photographer located in a New York studio for the past few years, displays his work in the Jacques Bellini fashion feature.

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HUSTLER

6



BITS & PIECES

You're checkmate's pawn

10



ENTERTAINMENT

The country's alive

15

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Rating the ratings

18

REVIEWS

You check Hustler, then buy!

22

WAYLON JENNINGS

Our Country-Western Hustler, Interview

29

ADVICE & CONSENT

You've got problems?

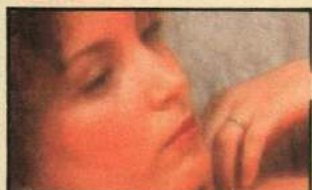
32



GARY MAGIC

You want it—you got it! Fiction

35



NANCY

Aren't you that girl in the Hustler?

43



FUZZ

Is creativity all in the mind?

47



DIANA

The gatefold to unhinge you!

58



BOX OFFICE CAPER

Easy money! Fiction

60



FASHION

The Hustler as a sharp dude. Pictorial

64



PENIS, BUTTOCKS & JELLY

You pays, but does you get?

66



MICHELLE

Caressing the photo-emulsion

73



GLENN TURNER

Koscot and Kontroversy

84

STEVIE WONDER

The Grammy catcher

VOL. I No. 4 OCT. 1974

BITS & PIECES

Checkmate's gonna get you, buddy

Cheating on your wife, aay? And lying to your lover? Well, the jig's up, mister—that is, if Eileen Shannon has been put on your path.

Miss Shannon runs a little part-time business called Checkmate, a name with more than one relevant meaning. Operating out of Boston, she's been at it for almost two years now with considerable success, although she is more interested in "educating women . . . than in promoting Checkmate as a profit-making venture."

It all started when she took it upon herself to check out the story a man was feeding a girlfriend of hers: The "unmarried, 42-year-old retired gynecologist" turned out to be an electrical engineer with a wife and two kids. She figured there were more scoundrels around—enough to make a business out of catching them.

The operation is quite simple. Eileen, who has not bothered to get a Massachusetts detective's license, confines her investigations, or verifications, to public records and the department of vital statistics. The client has only to pay fifty bucks, and if Eileen can't dig up any dirt, then she gives the money back—almost as if to say that her time, her research, and relief for an overly suspicious client are not the principal objects here.

Ordinarily Eileen deals with her clients over the phone or through the mail. She'll take a client on if the man in question sounds at all suspicious or has a "fuzzy"



profile: "... if a man travels around a lot, I'm interested in knowing if he stays at the same hotels all the time or if he hops around. Most men who are straight and honest like to establish patterns in their lives . . . I also ask a woman if the man seems comfortable bringing her into his social circle—if he's introduced her to his friends and family."

Here are some of her victims, who happened to have a certain flair for lying: a 34-year-old father of eight who managed, for two years, to convince some 19-year-old that he was a 22-year old sailor; an escaped convict from a Sicilian prison who passed himself off as an Italian count; a married psychiatrist who has abandoned four other wives in four other states.

Looking like she might have majored in P. E. in college and not all that bad-looking, (a newspaper could get away with calling her pretty for a better story), Eileen provides a startling contrast to the gangsterish demeanor of your typical male private investigator. Yet, beyond surface reality, there lurks a queer similarity: Both are a little too enthusiastic about catching people of the opposite sex in lurid acts of sexual cheating, and their personal motives for making a business of foul play can hardly be purely altruistic.

And if a woman-looking-for-a-man were to take Eileen's advice, she'd check out the name, address, and phone number of every prospective mate—and possibly lose several along the way, not because the facts don't check out, but because she is spending too much date time in the bureau of vital statistics.

How would you like to rent a lord?

Latest item in the rent-a-thing department: an English lord.

Yep, in merrie olde you-know-where, there's a new agency that furnishes lords for appearances at such affairs as garden parties, theater openings, or presumably, dinners for eight.

A lord will cost you \$240 plus expenses—and that's just for showing up. If you want him to do anything else—like jump out of a cake or make an after-dinner speech (at which many lords are quite talented, the agency claims)—he'll charge you extra.

It does seem that renting yourself out would be a lot more fun and a lot less hassle than turning your manor into a tourist attraction, which is what several lords have resorted to in recent years to keep themselves in spats and Prince Albert tobacco.

We wonder if there's a similar agency for women—"Rent-a-Lady." Oh yeah, someone's already thought of that.

We guess you've heard about the rent-a-streaker business that's opened up in California. Apparently, streakers are available for with-it affairs such as weddings and bar mitzvahs. We suspect the Academy Awards committee was the first customer.

Continued on page 97



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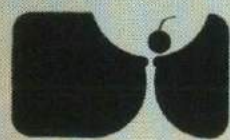
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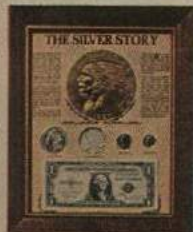
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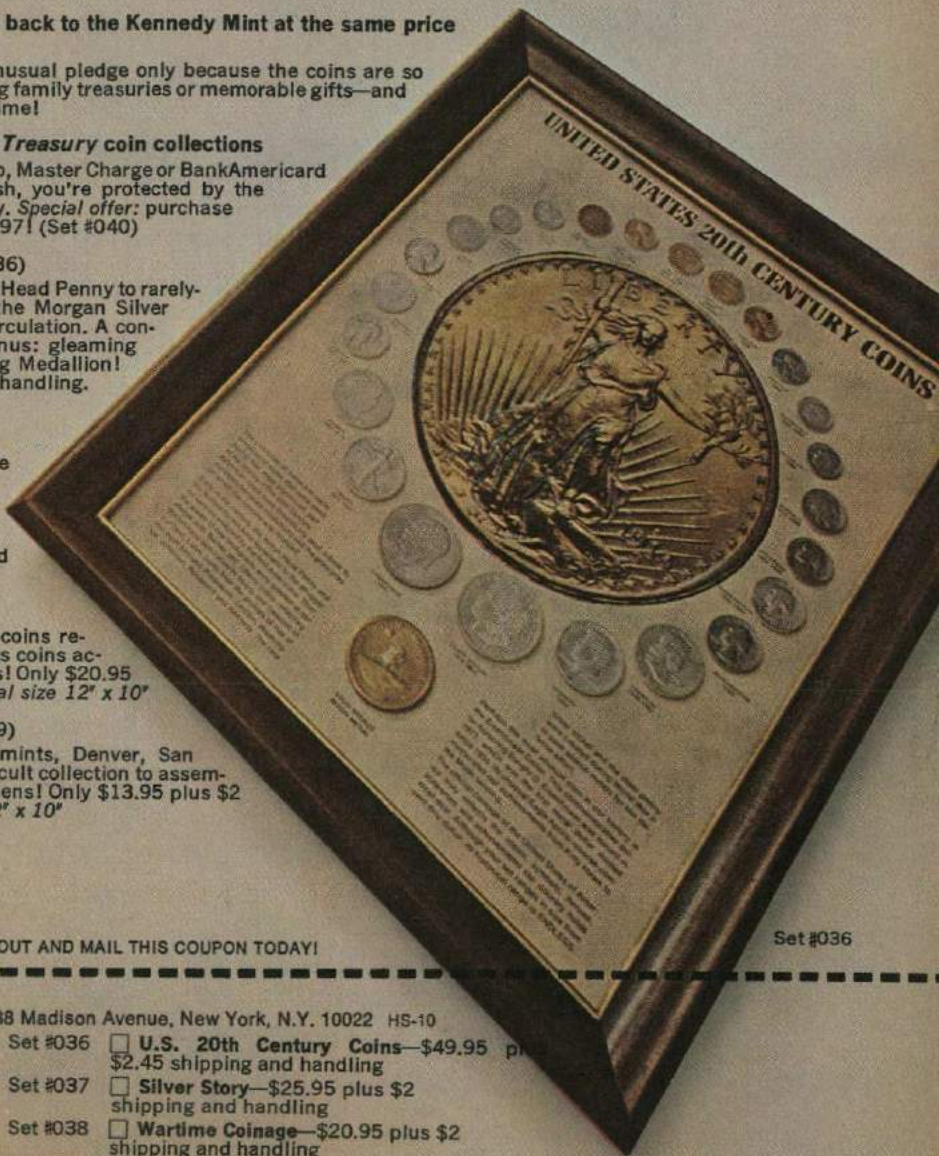
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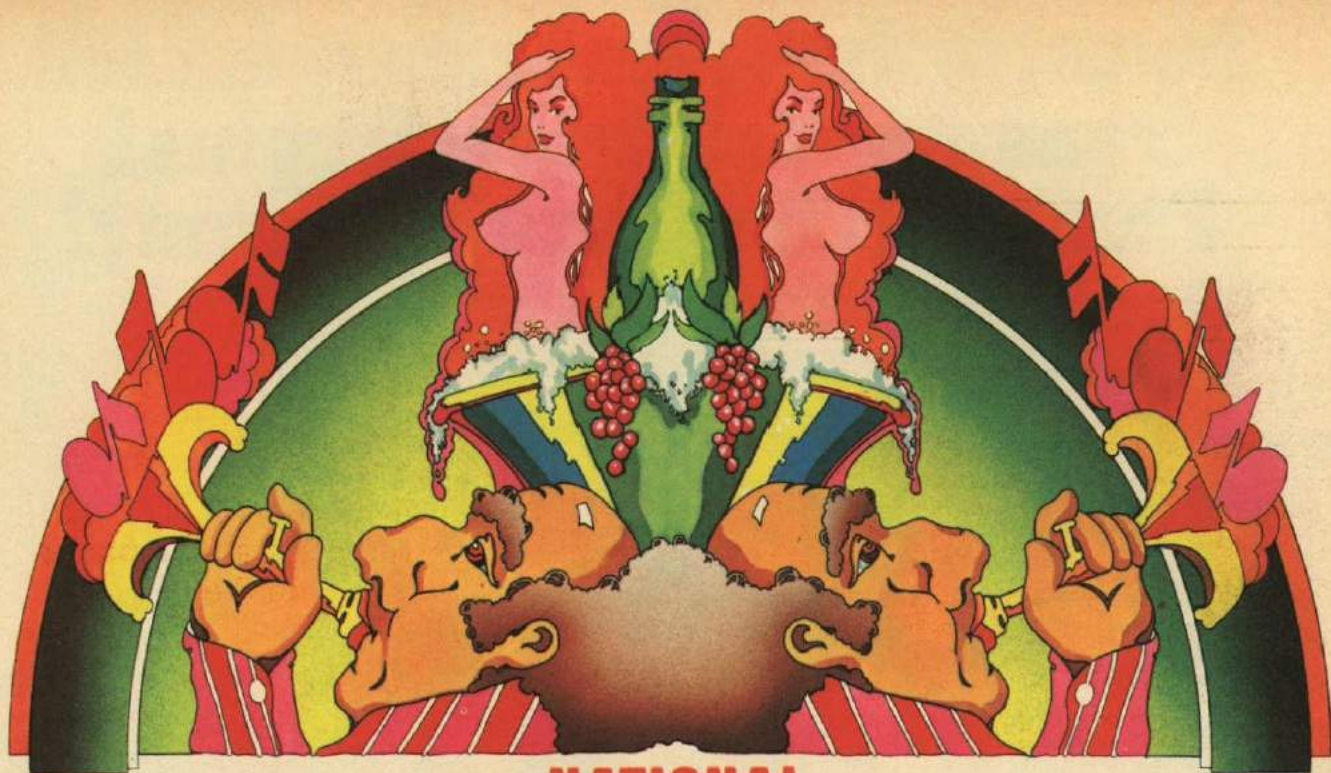
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NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

You're constantly on the move, flying from one city to the next. You've been to every corner of the U.S., because that's where your business takes you. But what can you do when it's time to relax and enjoy the town your visiting? Pick up *Hustler* every month and you'll get a concise guide to what's happening in the entertainment centers of our country. When you're ready to land on your next trip, our entertainment guide will be there to help you enjoy yourself.

ALABAMA

Huntsville: What a blending of the old and new . . . from pre-civil war atmosphere to the new-as-next-year space establishment. That's Huntsville. The **Kings Inn**, a membership club, is the place for charcoal steaks. They have a specialty of the house . . . their own bread. It's great. And, there's live entertainment. Check out the membership requirements at the desk. The **Rib Cellar** tells all in its name. Really fine prime ribs and filet mignon. Another spot with its own bread recipe and dancing too.

COLORADO

Denver: One of the liveliest spots in the Rockies . . . or just about anywhere, for that matter . . . is the **Warehouse**

Restaurant in Denver. The lower level is a complex of intimate dining rooms where you can be cozy while enjoying specialties from the rather extensive menu. On a new upper level you can enjoy the top names of entertainment in luxurious theatre style seats. Although there is only one act booked into the house so far for September (Stan Kenton for the 1st week) here's a listing of typical names you'll find at the Warehouse: **George Kirby, Fats Domino, the Smothers Brothers, Gordon Lightfoot and Petula Clark**, to name just a few. **Stouffer's Denver Inn** is a really great place to hang your hat while in town, and a good place for fine food is their **Oak Room**. Excellent wine list, too.

DELAWARE

Wilmington: Years ago smart legislators made Delaware the base for most of the country's corporations by enacting some very favorable tax laws. So, today it's a magnet for corporation attorneys and others interested in the legalistic aspects of such structures. It's also the home base for some good eating. The whole state is hardly larger than a good-sized city, so let's take a look at the wheres and the whats. There's harness racing at **Brandywine Raceway** until mid-September each evening except Mondays in Wilmington. At **Rehoboth Beach** try your hand at the **Old Landing Golf Course**. A real challenge. For good food try **Schrafft's Motor Inn** Wilmington. Entertainment and danc-

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

ing downstairs . . . waterbeds, if you wish, upstairs.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, D.C.: The **Montpelier** in the **Madison Hotel** is a fine continental spot and has one of the best wine lists in the District. Their leg of lamb is the best you'll find. The **Peking** offers one of the most extensive oriental menus you've ever seen. Not only quantity but quality is the by-word here. Call a day in advance and order the Peking Duck. The **Four Georges** in the **Georgetown Inn Motel** specializes in Chauteaubriand and Steak Diane. However, each dining room has its own menu. George I goes for Anglo-Saxon items, George II for seafood, George III is continental and George IV is for cocktails, salads and sandwiches. Of course, if you're really hungry, don't pass the **Golden Parrott**. Try their Margareta. Best this side of Mexico, D.F.

FLORIDA

Miami-Ft. Lauderdale: About half way between Miami and Lauderdale there's the little town Dania, and in Dania is a great Jai Lai court. Really a fantastic game; the only human-participant sport that is legal to bet on in the U.S. Worth an evening's time and a little drive. Of course, the dog track is fun, too. If you're in Lauderdale and looking for a little action (and like the girls a bit on the older side) check out the **Cat's Meow**. Or, if you like them a little younger try the **Library Lounge** in the **Hilton Gault Ocean Mile** just down the road a bit. **Tony's Fish Market** rates only one star in the guides but for my money, it's a really great sea food spot. Back in Miami, the **Gauche Steak House** in the **Americana** is a good bet as is **Le Parisien**. Steaks and French food respectively. Nice view on top of everything else from **Pier 66**.

ILLINOIS

Chicago: Lots of three- and four-star restaurants in this lake-side metropolis but there are some excellent ones that really shouldn't be by-passed. Among them **Mr. Kelly's** where the specialties are barbecued ribs, lobster and steak. Live entertainment, too. A real bargain is the **Parthenon** where you can savor a tremendous table d'hôtel dinner of Middle Eastern delicacies for two for right around \$10. (This is a 10-course feast.) The **Golden Ox** shouldn't be overlooked, either. Great German and American specialties. Their own strudel is a delight. Now, if you're look-

ing for action drop by any of the numerous spots in Cicero. Supposedly "cleaned up", the place is pretty much wide open. If you want eat . . . along with other diversions . . . try the **Old Prague**. Great central European dishes. Plenty of action at both ball yards in September. At **Wrigley Field** the **Cubs** will be in action from the 2nd thru the 10th, on the 24th and 25th and from the 27th thru the 29th. Over at **White Sox Park**, the **Sox** will be home on the 1st, and then from the 11th thru the 15th, on the 17th and 18th, and from the 20th thru the 22nd.

INDIANA

Indianapolis: Like to dance? Look in at **Hearth** and **Embers** where you can mix the dancing with a great dinner. If you go for dinner theatres, it's the **Beef and Boards** on the north side. It's **Kinda Headquarters** for the best musicals, while the **Black Curtain** leans toward comedies. The **Sheraton Dinner Theatre** is the third of its kind in town and presents a bit of everything. However, at this writing bookings are indefinite for September, so give them a call when you hit town. If it's a bit of action you crave, head for the strip on North Meridian. Six blocks of spots to choose from between 16th and 22nd. If you're a car buff, slip out to the great **Indianapolis Motor Speedway** any day of the week and visit the fascinating racing museum (free) and/or a ride around the famed brickyard (only 50¢). For a good meal try the **Chanteclair Sur Le Toit** at the **Holiday Inn-Airport**. Continental and American menu. For steak and sea food look in on the **Key West Shrimp House**. The **Kendall Inn** is noted for its prime ribs and chicken kiev.

KANSAS

Wichita: You gotta be a joiner in Wichita . . . if you want wine or beer with your meals. Joining one of the so-called private clubs takes about two minutes . . . merely give the door man or the bartender your name and address and whatever (if any) small enrollment fee is involved. If you have your bottle, take it along to any restaurant, they'll provide set-ups. Not only are more airplanes manufactured in the Prairie City than anywhere else in the world, but there probably are more go-go spots per capita than anywhere else, too. Do your girl watching (and whatever else) at the **Chapter 1**. Check the various private clubs about their membership policy, incidentally, because you'll find

some that have a heavy membership of single gals.

KENTUCKY

Lexington: Right in the middle of the blue grass country is this pinpoint of action. The **Red Lion Lounge** is kinda swinging. There's a business men's lunch with live shows to accompany the food starting at 12:30, and others following every couple of hours all afternoon. Go-go girls are on tap all the time, and there's dancing nightly and on Saturday starting in mid-afternoon. There's also dancing at **Comer's Restaurant** on Fridays and Saturdays. The **Diners' Playhouse** is one dinner theatre in the area, but at this writing still hasn't nailed things down for September. Also try the **Bar Dinner Theatre** for their early fall presentation. So, check 'em out. **Howard Johnson's** is a lively entertainment spot, too. The **Lexington Hilton Inn** is one of the top spots in town for name and near-name entertainment. September is still open at this writing, so give 'em a call and see who's under the spotlight.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans: What does the name New Orleans bring to your mind? Cotton Bales on the levy, dark-eyed creole glass, mini-skirted southern belles, a fiery jazz trumpet, dreamy restaurant patios and tangy food? Any of them? All of them? You'll find whatever it is you're looking for in New Orleans, that's for sure. **Pete Fountain's**, **Al Hirt's**, **La Boucherie** are tops in the jazz area of entertainment, and there's always a top name to be found in the **Blue Room** at the **Fairmont Hotel**. Now when it comes to food, you're in the right place. **Court of Two Sisters** is an old stand-by that rarely leaves you disappointed. Same with **Antoin's** and **Brennan's**. Wherever you go, though, do yourself a favor and sample the local creole specialties . . . after all, you get a chunk of roast beef almost anywhere. Especially lean toward the sea foods; they're super fresh and extra well prepared.

MARYLAND

Baltimore has come a long way during the past 10 or 15 years when it comes to "diversions." There's always top-notch live entertainment at **Mr. Bojangles** on Ritchie Highway, and it's like going to one big party when you join the **Guys and Dolls Club** at the **Golden 40 Inn Supper Club**. Always something happening, plus free beer

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

and a free buffet on Wednesday nights. Lotsa fun at **Sweeney's** the home of the "Femme Bowl" girls. **Oftern** has special guests such as **Blaze Starr** along with regular music entertainment. For food from the sea slip over to **Carney Crab House**, or if excellent Japanese dishes try **Nichibei-Kai**.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston: Who says Boston is stuffy. Lots of action of all kinds and great restaurants, too. If Mediterranean and Greek food gets you, try **Omondia**... great shrimp a la Omondia; shish kabab and octopus (don't knock it till you've tried it). Never go anywhere near Boston without a couple of tremendous sea food dinners. You might check out the clam bar at the **Union Oyster House** or **Jimmy's Harbor-side**, where you select your own lobster from the tank. If you have a craving for some stick-to-the-ribs German goodies, slip across the Charles River to **Wursthaus** in Cambridge where you'll find all the standards... imported sausage and red cabbage, Bavarian style Sauerbraten, etc. Live entertainment always at the **Sheraton Boston**, the **Merry Go Round** in the **Copley Plaza** and the **Twin Room Jazz Workshop**. At **Fenway Park**, the Red Sox will be on deck several days during the month... on the 6th thru the 10th, the 17th thru the 22nd and again from the 30th thru October 2nd.

MICHIGAN

Detroit: You could start out on any Monday night and try a different restaurant each evening for weeks and weeks and never run out, in the Motor City. The **Golden Lion** comes up with a great lake perch and an even better pompano. Their own cheese cake is something to long remember. Nice piano bar during the week. **Stouffer's Coach and Four** has a dandy view from the top of the Northland Motel, and usually has a good pianist after six. **Victor Lim's** is one of the most honored names in the world of Chinese cookery, so if oriental food is your bag, be sure to visit Lim's. Among the best in the Midwest. The **Caucus Club**, with its English pub atmosphere is a pleasant spot and has a fine Continental menu. If you've never seen how your set of wheels is put together, visit the GM or Chrysler plants and take one of their guided tours. (You may decide to revert to a 10-speed.) The Tigers will be at home from the 1st thru the 4th, from the 11th thru the 15th, and from the

26th thru the 30th.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis/St. Paul: If you haven't been in the Twin Cities very recently, you'll want to drop in on one of the newest restaurants, the **Amalgamated Eating and Drinking Company Underground**. All done up with rough-cut timbers, stone fireplaces, wooden and cobblestone floors on the inside and like the entrance to an old mine on the outside. Beef and sea food are the specialties. Check the **Chanhassen Dinner Theatre** for their September show. The **Golden Strings** violin orchestra plays three shows nightly for dinner guests at the **Radisson Hotel's Flame Room**. Even way up in this part of the country you can find Japanese food... at the **Fuji-Ya**. Very good and nice atmosphere. There's live entertainment in the **Lodge** on Radisson Mart, and theatre-dining at the **Minnesota Music Hall**. For jazz check out **Sadie's Parlour** at the **Sheraton-Ritz Hotel**. Might want to check on the current booking at **Pierre's** at the **Holiday Inn**. Usually a good review or show. A noted singles bar in town is **La Cantina**... food, booze and les girls.

MISSOURI

Kansas City: Kansas City, is one of the leading cities in the country when it comes to dinner theatres. **Tiffany's Attic** and the **Waldorf Astoria** were recently show-cased on the front page of the Wall Street Journal. Also in town is Off Broadway. All three present good shows and fine buffets. However, as we go to press they are all indefinite on their September bookings. Incidentally, if you're heading KC way remember the Kansas side of things restrict booze to "private" clubs. So, be sure you have your membership cards along, or prepare to join up at the first place that strikes your fancy. On the Missouri side of the river you'll want to look into **Mother's Club** (dancing, some girls) or at **Butch Cassidy's** (which we have mentioned before but are worth talking about again.) Out at **Royals Stadium** the **KC Royals** will be playing on the 1st thru the 8th (with the 6th an off day), from the 17th thru the 19th, and then from the 24th thru the 29th.

NEVADA

Las Vegas: As usual, Vegas will be going full tilt (pardon the pun) during September. **Aladdin's** will continue with their new **"This is Burlesque**

'74" and **Caesar's Palace** will have **Tom Jones** and **David Brenner** in the spot light until the 11th. **Frank Sinatra** arrives on the 12th and re-



mains through the 18th. At the **Castaways**, **Rusty Isabel** and **Wanetee Vest** will be on hand during the month. **Circus Circus** tells us they are "dark," but previous conversations involved their standard circus acts. So,



check them out. **Juliet Prowse** and **Jan Murray** will be at the **Desert Inn** until the 9th with the remainder of the month still open. **Casino de Paris '74** continues its run at the **Dunes** while **Lovelace Watkins** and **Myron Cohen** are at the **Flamingo** through the 11th. **Bobby Vinton** and **Charlie Callas** follow them on the 12th and stay through the 2nd of October. **Four Queens** is open for the month at this writing and the **Fremont** continues with **Minsky's '74**. **Frontier** presents **Robert Goulet** and **Foster Brooks**

Continued on page 14



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ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Continued from page 12

until the 18th. **Wayne Newton** arrives on the 19th and stays through the end of October. The **Golden Nugget** will present **Gary Gatlan** starting the 6th and running through the 12th. The **Kenny Newman Expression** arrives on the 13th and remains thru the 13th of October. Both the **Holiday Casino** and the **Landmark** are open at this



writing. The **MGM Grand** which has been receiving great notices on every aspect of its operation has the **Jackson Five** until September 3. **Dean Martin** arrives on the 4th and stays through the 10th. **Shecky Greene** follows on the 11th and is there until the 24th. **Sergio Franksi** and **Joan Rivers** arrive on the 25th and stay thru October 8th. The **Mint** is yet to be booked for the month while the **Smothers Brothers** wrap up their long stay at the **Riviera** on the 10th. **Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass** on deck from the 11th thru the 17th and are followed on the 18th by **Englebert Humperdink** who stays until the 8th of October. **Jim Nabors** and **Charo** are at the **Sahara** thru the 20th and are followed by **Rowan and Martin** and **Jerry Van Dyke** on the 21st, staying until October 4th. The **Sands** is open at this writing while **Rose and the Arrangements** hit the **Showboat** on the 3rd and are booked thru the 15th. The **Silver Slipper** features **Allen and Rosi** all during the month and the **Stardust** is still unbooked. **Jim Baily** will be at the **Thunderbird** through the 11th with the following part of the month still open. Both the **Tropicana** and **Union Plaza** are unbooked at this writing, but the **Las Vegas Hilton** features **Elvis Presley** thru the 2nd and **Bill Cosby** and the **Temptations** starting on the 3rd and running through the 16th. **Liberace** and the

Little Angels arrive on the 17th and stay thru October 7th.

NEW JERSEY

Newark: All that's New York is not Manhattan. Some of it spills over into Connecticut and into Jersey. While the Nutmeggers and the Jerseyites defend their sovereignty it's still all part of one big megopolis. But, if you find yourself in the Newark part of this complex, don't think you have to take the tubes or ferry or drive to Bagdad on the Hudson for a good meal. Almost in the middle of things is a really relaxing place, the **Roost**. Complete with fireplace, a small but good wine list and pleasant background music. Try their crabs. **King's Tavern** is good, too. If you've got a few minutes and find yourself in the middle of town, visit a really unusual spot . . . the nation's largest Buddhist Temple. Nearby Hobokon has an excellent restaurant that leans toward the Italian cuisine . . . the **Cellar Steak House**. The name is a fooler, because you'll want to try their veal parmigiana and the scampi.

NEW YORK

Buffalo: Up on the 20th floor of the **M & T Trust building** is a sprawling eatery that's among the best in the area, the **Plaza Suite**. You have your choice of 7 dining rooms, each with its own distinctive decor. (If you like the tang of Indian food you'll like the Plaza Suite since you'll find this unique cuisine in one of their dining rooms.) There's live music and dancing on Saturdays. There's also week-end dancing at the **Royal Knight** where you'll really enjoy their marinated chicken. While you're so close be sure to get to Niagara Falls if you haven't been there before. When you're not busy watching the water or getting drenched on the "Maid of the Mist," stop in at the **Circle** for their fine Chateaubriand or for dancing. Dancing and live entertainment on Fridays and Saturdays, too, at **Red Coach Inn**.

NEW YORK

New York City: Where do you start in Fun City? Uptown? Downtown? Midtown? In Westchester or Connecticut? Maybe in Jersey. Let's take a random jumping-off spot . . . the lounge at the top of the **Beekman Towers**. Tremendous view looking down on the UN Plaza, across mid-town Manhattan and across the East River to Brooklyn. No food . . . good drinks and view. Another "high spot" is the grand old lady of them all, the **Rainbow Room**

atop the RCA Building in **Rockefeller Plaza**. For some historic atmosphere, slip downtown to **French's Tavern** operated by the **Sons of the Revolution**. Been serving lunches here since before Washington tossed that buck across the river. Upper room was where George held a farewell dinner for his officers after the British decided to forget the whole thing. For plays take a look at "**A Little Night Music**," or the "best musical of the year."



"**Raisin**." Another must-see production is "**The Thieves**" with **Marlo Thomas** and **Richard Mulligan**. But, back to food. Again let us suggest one of the city's few five-star restaurants, "**La Grenouille**," with its truly fine French menu. (With so much fine food in the world, I have often wondered why the rating books limit their five-star accolade to French restaurants.) So, why not look in on **Mercurio**, a really good Italian spot on West 53rd. Or for some truly excellent Chinese food in the rather different and somewhat spicy Szechuan style, try **Shun Lee Dynasty** at 900 2nd Ave. (A truly rare 4-star Chinese Restaurant.) And of course, the Mets will be wrapping up their season and so will the Yanks.

NEW YORK

Syracuse: Home of Syracuse University and one of the old ports on the Erie Canal, this up-state city has its share of historic spots and more than its share of good eating spots. Try **Mirbach's** for hearty German-American dishes or the **Govnor's Grill** for some truly fine continental favorites. Steak and sea food are the specialties at **Walter White's Tavern**. Great Colonial atmosphere. The **Ramada Inn** offers an

Continued on page 94



LARRY FLYNT
Hustler Publisher

Publisher's Statement

I recently saw a movie that was absolutely drenched in violence—people being blown apart, knifed, raped, buildings being bombed and set ablaze—all portrayed in vivid color and explicit detail. I was shocked—not at this hard-hitting display of mad terror but at the fact that his movie was rated R (anyone under 17 not admitted without an accompanying adult. An adult being anyone over 17.) And as I looked around I couldn't help but notice the considerable number of young people, quite a few under 18, occupying the theatre and completely entranced by what was going on up on the screen. Thru some of the facial expressions, I could tell that certain scenes were mildly disturbing or perhaps very exciting I really couldn't tell which, but for the most part, the entire movie was just a sight and sound show—the bloodier it was, the more they could dig on it.

A couple of days later I went to what is commonly called a "dirty" flic or a porno movie, an X rated film, (no one under 18 is admitted.) For those of you unfamiliar with this type of movie, and anyone under 18 probably is, an X rated movie depicts acts of intercourse including in some cases, oral and anal sex between 2 or more consenting adults of one or both sexes, or between a mixed group. Now the explicitness of the activities varies considerably between the "hard core" porn and the "soft core" porn. Generally soft core porn simulates the sexual activities and permits very little nudity. Hard core is considerably more explicit. Yet both types carry the X rating. Whether it is explicit or not, *no one* under 18 is allowed to view such "lewd, disgusting acts." Instead they are filled to the brim, via movies and television which generally carries no rating

because most all programming is directed toward a general audience—with killing, robbing, bombing, raping and more unnecessary, useless violence.

WHY—I ask?! Why has our society structured its censorship system in such a way that the young impressionable minds of America can only be influenced by the unnatural and abnormal acts of viciousness between men and have no access to the natural and human portrayal of sex and love making.

The ignorance of sex has already shown itself by the still rising statistics, despite the pill, of accidental pregnancy and the silent rampaging plague of V.D. in this country. In some states, the distribution of birth control information to young people, anyone under 21, in some cases is either illegal or definitely a local social taboo, yet abortion has been legalized for *everyone*—a perfect example of the ass backwardness of the system. Society, first of all, doesn't want to face the fact that the sex instincts and interests arise naturally in young people, without any necessary outside influence. Secondly, society does not feel that sexual information should be distributed to youth, either thru a local organization, like Planned Parenthood, or a formal sex education class, regardless of the reasons. And thirdly, a major solution society has presented for any "mistakes" is abortion. If you make a mistake—get an abortion!

The point here is not the legalization of abortion, but the fact that if the basic sex education or knowledge is not there or available, your chances of these mistakes is much higher. It's only logical. We are pouring all of these abnormal violent scenes of behavior into our kids without any insulting exposure to normal, natural behavior in the form of calm, peaceful lovemaking.

This steady diet is going to show itself in some way—perhaps the more than 5% increase in general crime is one way, perhaps the robbing and knifing of your neighbor is another.

The motto of the Flower Power era certainly had something to say for itself—"Make Love Not War!"

Larry Flynt
Publisher



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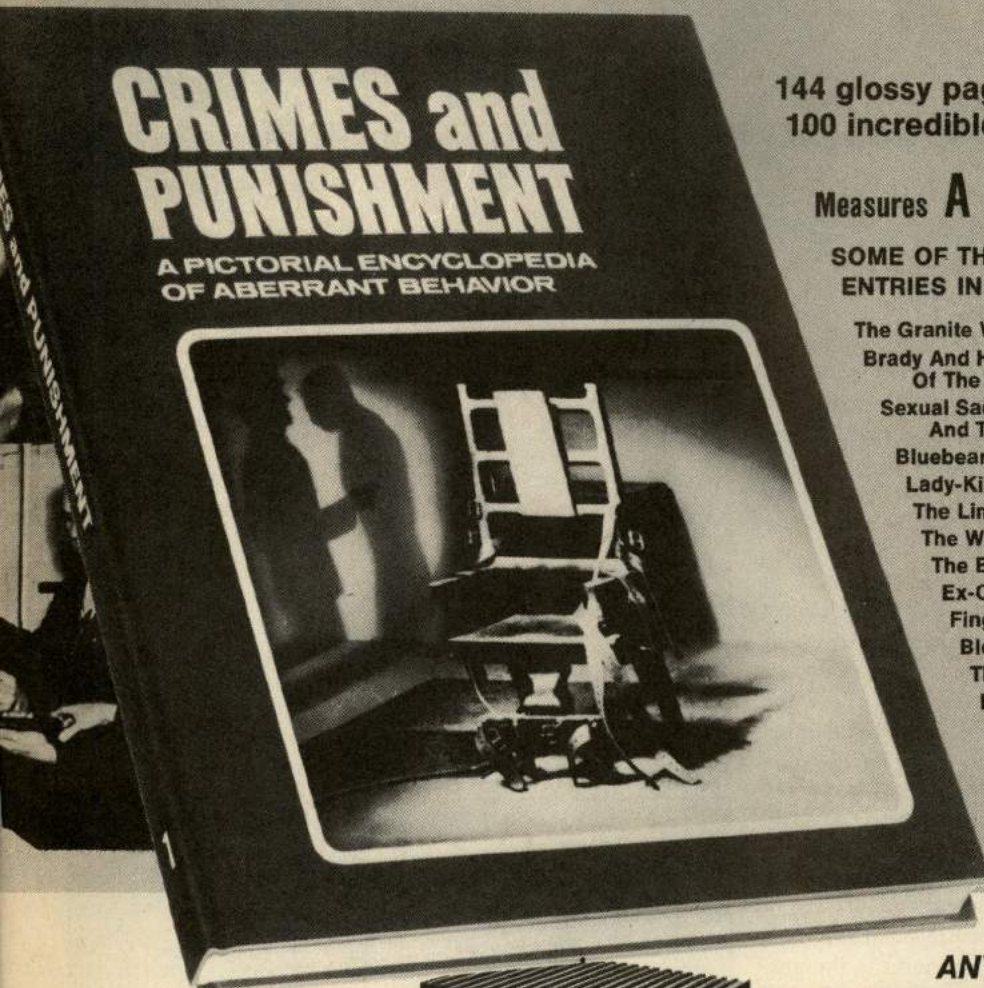
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313

REVIEWS

MOVIES

Driver's Seat gives us a look at a suicidal schizophrenic lady, who is looking for the right man to do the fatal deed. In this role, Elizabeth Taylor gives us more of her Who's-Afraid-of-Virginia-Woolf frenzied attacks of fear and anger. But Ms. Taylor will always be a star, and getting a glimpse behind those dazzling eyes into the character she's portraying is nearly impossible. The film is constructed in such a way that you do not know until the end whether the scenes of policemen interrogating her acquaintances are flashbacks or flashforwards. The effect is meant to create the suspense of expecting her to commit at any moment some outrageous act of madness. During the course of her search for the right man, she has some interesting encounters. There is the neurotic business man on a peculiar sort of health-trip, the terrorist on the loose in Rome's airport, the garage mechanic rapier. And in the end, Patroni-Griffi gives you what you've been waiting for.

Perhaps more entertaining than the film itself were the festivities accompanying its world premiere in Monte Carlo. And it wasn't any coincidence that the gala premiere was scheduled for the evening of the official France ball in Cannes—one of the bashes offered to the more important attendants at the Cannes Film Festival. *Driver's Seat* had been rejected from the festival, even though it stars Elizabeth Taylor, and the Italians, with the assistance of Princess Grace and Prince Rainier were just getting even with the festival.

With proceeds (\$500 a head) going to the Monaco Red Cross, everybody-who's-anybody showed: Elizabeth Taylor, Aristotle Onassis, Salvador Dali, Sefferelli with Ursula Andress, Paulette Goddard, Andy Warhol and tape recorder (Andy, who makes an appearance in the film, had a new exhibition of his paintings opening the next night). Cannes was suddenly a ghost town. The president of the Cannes festival, Robert Favre Lebreton phoned the palace in Monaco to register a complaint, but the show went on. And after the film, there was madness of another sort—the kind found at premiere parties.

Currently victimized by a new wave of formula-ridden films on youths with criminal learnings, we can thank Terrence Malick's *Badlands* for one that gives us our money's worth. This, his first film, shows us more sensitivity and objectivity than many made by directors who ought to know better. It is based on the Starkweather-Fugate case and takes place in a small South Dakota town in 1960. The main characters—a 25-year-old garbage collector and a 15-year-old high school girl (Kit and Holly)—are open books that defy comprehension. They kill father and friend without so much as a trickle of hate, much less grief! Are they totally apathetic or merely naive? If nothing else, they are frightening products of our culture and because they are so

un-understandable, the film more or less marvels at the way they go about living.

At the onset of the film, Kit and Holly fall in love. As a warning to stay away from Kit, Holly's father shoots her dog. (Such violence is a matter-of-fact part of Holly's life.) When her father, who has lost his job, tries to stop her from running away with Kit, she shoots and kills him, and the two are off on their merry way. After killing some bounty hunters and a fellow garbage man who is hiding them out, they head across the badlands for Canada, where Kit hopes to become a Mountie. But Holly becomes tuckered out from all the rough riding through a territory where there's "no place to get anything good to eat." So Kit lets her surrender when a helicopter pilot sights the pair. Escaping alone, Kit gives himself up later on—and marks the spot with a pile of rocks, almost as if to give his unconnected and emotionless life some proof of existence. Holly gets off with a suspended sentence and marries her lawyer's son. For Kit—the death sentence. Holly, whose voice narrates much of the film, sums up the film and her affair with Kit, promising to "never again hang out with the hell-bent type, no matter how much I was in love with him."



Sensitive and subtle literary works like Henry James' *Daisy Miller*, are just the kind of material that Peter Bogdanovich and friend Cybill Shepherd should *not* try to translate into film. Neither one of them has any talent for presenting a character's complexities and unique perspective on life, which is central to Henry James' work.

The story concerns the scandal *Daisy Miller* (Cybill Shepherd) creates in European high society when she openly flirts with one Signor Giovanelli (Dulio Del Prete). Daisy is a wealthy American on a European tour with her mother (Cloris Leachman) and naughty little brother, Randolph (James McMurtry). James' Daisy is an unconventional, attractive female with typical, American (19th-century American) hunger for life. Shepherd's Daisy is a spoiled, simpering bitch.

Opening with a hotel's early morning preparations for the day, Bogdanovich does succeed in giving us a feeling for Daisy's view of Europe as a continent full of hotels and maintains a distinctive setting for *Daisy Miller* throughout the film. In the end, Daisy dies. Among the men she has enchanted is a young American expatriate; named Winterbourne (Barry Brown). It is he who ways at Daisy's grave, "I was booked to make a mistake. I have lived too long in foreign parts"—fitting words for Bogdanovich himself.

Black Eye is not about prizefighting. It's about a private detective who's black—black eye, get it? And it's not a bad film. Not great, but not bad.

Shep Stone, the detective (Fred Williamson) is not your typical uptight, moralistic, rightist flatfoot. And that's really the best thing about the movie. Stone, a former policeman who was kicked off the force for strangling a dope dealer, lives in a run-down hotel and loves a girl (Teresa Graves) who lives downstairs. She's bisexual, and that bothers him, but he meets her other lover in a civilized scene.

The complicated plot revolves around a walking cane owned by a recently deceased silent movie star. The cane contains half a million bucks worth of heroin and it is stolen from the star's new grave by his whorish girlfriend.

Stone gets into the action by subsequently happening upon the girlfriend's dead body. Then a guy asks Stone to find his missing daughter, who turns up living with a community of Jesus freaks. The smack, the star, the prostitute and the runaway are all connected, but the action makes so many double-reverses it's hard to keep up, much less understand what's going on.

It does seem that the people who produced this movie (director, Jack Arnold and producer, Pat Rooney) were honestly out to make a respectable private-detective film starring blacks rather than wretched-excess black exploitation flick. And that's a real plus in a year when we will also be urged to see insults like *Blackenstein*, *Werewolf from Watts*, *Billy Black*, and *Black the Ripper*. —M.S.

Swedish director Jan Troell made two beautiful, haunting movies about Swedish pioneers in America (*The Emigrants*, *The New Land*), but his new film, *Zandy's Bride*, comes off so poorly you wish he had taken a two-year vacation in Majorca instead.

Even the talents of Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman aren't enough to save Marc Norman's unfortunately unsubtle script. Liv plays a mail-order bride. Gene is the orderer. When his package arrives, Hackman promptly dispoils her, and that pretty much demonstrates the level of ingenuity in this movie. She keeps trying to civilize him, but it's clear she'll never make it. So, in the end, he gives her a new stove and bolt of calico, and she delivers twins. Ho hum. The setting is California—the Big Sur—and the scenery is gorgeous. But then, it always is.

I have a hunch this movie would be more effective for a Swedish audience than an American one. Only American directors can make authentic American Westerns, right? —M.S.

BOOKS

A QUARTET: Blindness and Candlelight, Girls and Guns

by Thane Michael Gower

The Designated Heir, by Maxine Kumin. Viking. \$6.95.

The poet G. E. Murray, whom I mention only because I think an acquaintance of his once mentioned me, described Robin Parks, the heroine of *The Designated Heir*, and the des-

ignated heir or title designee, as a woman attempting to uncover her life "near the bone" "between the manure of rural New Hampshire and candlelight suppers in a Marlborough Street brownstone."

That certainly left her with a lot of shit to scrape away; but as to whether or not authoress Maxine Kumin used it all to fertilize the growth of anything worthwhile, even this reviewer remains uncertain.

Miss Kumin is a poetess, as the name Robin Parks might suggest; and since she did win the 1973 Pulitzer Prize for poetry one wants to take her prose seriously, partly because there are many critics, dazzled by their own semiliteracy, who have postulated an illusory conflict between novelists and poets. Novelists, poets and novelist-poets aren't particularly aware of it; but the graduate departments of University Humanities divisions, Literature subdivision—or however the new multiversity "plants" polyfurcate themselves—require its existence.

Robin is heiress to one ancestor's eloquence, another's honesty, and her mother's alcoholism. She also has a crude homestead in New Hampshire and a lover named Jeffrey Rabinowitz, who is not Irish, although he was in the Peace Corps.

As for what she was seeking near that bone, authoress Kumin says, in what I assume is the quintessence of prose-poetry mystic synthesis, "What she wanted was beyond her saying. . . ."

Miss Kumin elaborates beyond that beyond by suggesting a kind of metaphysical yoking (joking? hoking? poking?) that would delight all undergraduate students of John Donne and Eremitus Tiflet: "She did not want the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. It would lead to central heating and carpets. It would lead to dusting and infidelity."

I suppose there is a Q. E. D. or *sic sequitur* there somewhere; but I'll be damned if I can sniff it out surrounded by all that rural manure.

Joey, by Donald Goddard. Harper & Row. \$10.

Presidents and Attorneys-General being what they have become, it is not surprising that writers try elevating Hoods to the rank of Hero. Certainly, if that kind of lower-echelon apotheosis is a defensible activity for the creative artist—and good biographers had better be creative artists—there is no better candidate for its subject than the late Joey "the Blond" Gallo.

Shot to death in April of 1972, by gunmen fulfilling an "open contract," Gallo—of the Eastern family that dealt in blood, not of the Western one that deals in wine—was one of the few gangsters of whom it could be said that he was an intellectual and political theorist, without triggering at least patronizing smiles.

Donald Goddard's huge book, *Joey*, brings the most important and vital parts of Gallo's life back into ticking time and pulsing blood.

The research behind this book is monumentally inclusive and exhaustive, reflecting in its very organization mingled with chaos the frenzied fullness of its hero's life and long dying.

Shrewd enough to create a family capable of fighting the powerful Profaci and Genovese alliance, he was at the same time too markedly split within his own personality to achieve the efficiency that might have let him live beyond his 43 years. A brutal arm-breaker, he could also awe psychologists and artists with his insights and profundity.

Joey, married twice, Jeffie Lee, an ex-Vegas showgirl who was once also married to sax-man Gerry Mulligan. Their marriage is described here with a painstaking brilliance and compelling artistry that few novelists have equaled.

The warfare of his marriage, the pain of his nine years in prison, the maturation of his intellect, and his entire entrapment in the world of machismo and the codes of the family:

his biographer renders unto him a superb epitaph.

If *Joey* doesn't win a major 1974 award for biography, or for superb writing of any kind, this reviewer will seriously consider going back to writing slogans for cocktail napkins.

Rosebud, by Joan Hemingway. Morrow. \$6.95.

The novel can be as "true" in a crucial sense of the word as the biography.

So, imagine if you will, ten women stranded on a fragile raft trapped in the rolling waters of Tierra del Fuego. They are the wives of scientists who have launched an expedition to prove that the North and South Poles are each where the other should have been.

The women include an alcoholic bibliophile, crippled diabetic, egotistic fandancer, Gemini horticulturist, imbecilic jarpainter, kleptomaniac librarian, middle-aged nymphomaniac, overweight philatelist, quixotic rodeo-performer, and silver-haired theologian.

The distress flag on their disintegrating vessel is made up of various panties and brassieres.

Joan Hemingway might have imagined something like that. But *Rosebud* is about ten different women, who are the daughters and granddaughters of the most powerful men in the world.

They have been kidnapped by Palestinians calling themselves "Black September" who killed all the crew of the yacht from which they seized the women. Guess what the name of the yacht was.

To make the novel *true*, The Palestinians are identified as including three survivors of the 1972 Munich Olympic Games massacre. They have been released in exchange for a Lufthansa airplane hijacked earlier.

"Black September" issues a series of demands leading to the destruction of Israel, each escalated set of demands being revealed to the world in film delivered by the girls, one being released as each set of demands is met.

French agent Laurent Martin is dispatched to the rescue, to save Israel and . . . one special girl?

On the other hand, imagine ten nuns stranded on the back of a rutting whale. The whale is named Peablossom, and . . .

The Decay of the Angel, by Yukio Mishima. Knopf. \$6.95.

Yukio Mishima, one of the greatest of modern Japan's novelists, committed suicide by traditional self-disembowelment in 1970. Knowledge of that biographical datum affects one's reaction to his literary canon more potently than the suicide of any other writer, Hemingway, for example, touches one's involvement in his work.

Perhaps this is because it is silly for an Occidental to make any comment on a ritual Oriental suicide.

Mishima delivered the manuscript of *The Decay of the Angel* to his publisher just a few hours before his spectacular death, a rite rendered more dramatic by the involvement of one of his right-wing fanatic followers who decapitated the dying writer.

This final book is the last of a quartet saga, *Spring Snow*; but it has an integrity of its own, which makes it highly readable by itself, more so, for example, than are the volumes following the first of Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*.

The hero, Shikiguni Honda, adopts the 16-year-old orphan, Toru, because the child's birthmark suggests to the old man that he is the reincarnation of Kiyooki-Isao, a union by an earlier reincarnation of an old friend and a young radical whom Honda had defended in court.

But Toru is only a bastard of a little schemer who tries to have Honda declared incompetent. Toru tries to commit suicide when he learns why he was adopted; but he bungles even

that and only blinds himself.

Honda tries to plunge into his own past before he dies. After a long tortured search into the phantom mirror of memory he concludes that "perhaps there was no I."

Mishima's tome-stone is a monumental, towering achievement.

A Raft not Seaworthy: DO NOT WASTE MONEY on *George Raft*, by Lewis Yablonsky. McGraw-Hill. \$8.95. It's flatter than a crumbling movie screen.

RECORDS

NEW VINYL: THE LONG AND STILL WINDING ROAD

by Jean-Claude Martinelli

Keyboardist Ray Manzarek has released his first solo effort after the slow death of the Doors. *The Golden Scarab* (Mercury) is the *Zardoz* of rock music: an interesting, ultimately frustrating, pretentious mess. The album is proof that head shaman Jim Morrison wasn't the only man with talent in the Doors, and it also indicates that, like Morrison, Ray contributed his share of silliness to the band. It's the competition between Manzarek's talent (primarily musical) and his lucidness (chiefly lyrical) that prevents *Scarab* from ever taking off like it should—and like Ray's music eventually will.

Manzarek's LP is a concept piece having to do with his spiritual voyage during his tenure with the Doors. The music reflects the same kind of eclectic, late-Sixties, sophisticated blend that the Doors made famous five years ago. Jazz, blues, and hard rock swirl around in a heady mix, heard to best advantage on *Solar Boat*, where the lyrics don't get in the way, and *The Moorish Idol*, a searing, soaring synthesizer instrumental. The band's rhythm section is bolstered by the presence of jazz drummer Tony Williams, who fuels the sound with controlled, dynamic push.



Eventually, however, it becomes impossible to ignore Ray's lyrical message, which is put over with all the subtlety of a nuclear attack. A sample, from a tune entitled *The Purpose of*

Continued on page 80

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HUSTLER INTERVIEW



WAYLON JENNINGS

Country and Western music has swept the nation. Everyone is listening to the down home sounds that reflect the yearnings and disappointments of the average American man and woman. Country music is honest, with no frills or phoniness. Waylon Jennings is one the biggest stars in the country music world, whose

very presence indicates a man who's been around, who's been up and down and who's paid his dues. Although he likes some of today's rock musicians, Jennings doesn't think much of the flashy rock acts. He prefers to pick his guitar and just let it flow out naturally.

By Patrick & Barbara Salvo

HUSTLER: What's this about Ringo recording one of your tunes?

JENNINGS: Well, he was just cuttin' a song that I cut, *Pick Up The Tempo*—and we were just talking about that. He wanted to know information about it.

HUSTLER: Is that the first time you ever talked to a Beatle?

JENNINGS: No, George Harrison... I've met Ringo before.

HUSTLER: When he did his *Beaucoups Of Blues* album, did you play on that?

JENNINGS: No.

HUSTLER: But you met him down in Nashville?

JENNINGS: No. I met him in L.A.

HUSTLER: Can you tell me about your early growing up in Littlefield, Texas?

JENNINGS: Well, Littlefield is pretty typical. I don't know if you'd call this typical or not, but the people in Littlefield did one thing that is probably the wildest thing in the whole world. I gotta tell it on them though. You know, for a hundred miles around, there's no lake, water, or anything—right? Except that 12 miles through the city limits of Littlefield, there's a natural canyon that's 5 to 6 miles across, and there's 2 natural springs that feed this lake, and it's about 5 miles across one way, and about 3 in the other. There's natural rocks and caves in the sides of the mountains; and the rest of the country all around it is real flat. Littlefield made that its city dump—the lake. But I think—since I've been away from there, if it had been left up to me, I wouldn't have done it. Do you believe that? Really. That's why I burned that bridge. I'm not going back to Littlefield to live anymore?

HUSTLER: What did a guy do for fun in Littlefield?

JENNINGS: Fun in Littlefield? Well we put taps on our boots you know. OK? That was before the hip-huggers were made, when they fit up snug. And you'd put your collar up high, put on a black cowboy hat, and make sparks with them cowboy boots on Saturday night. Just walk up and down Main Street, 'til you got where you could have a car, then you'd drag Main Street. That was the whole 3 blocks.

HUSTLER: So you did some racing?

JENNINGS: Yeah. I had a little ol' '47 Chevrolet, and we used to drag race that. We played football. I went to the football games. I'd try to swagger around where the girls would look at us, and look for a fight. I guess we did lot of fightin' in those days, because there wasn't nothin' else to do. See we would just whup all them ol' boys and come back home; and about 2 weeks later, they'd come over with

part of Sudan with them, and whup us. Nobody got hurt too bad though.

HUSTLER: Then you moved over to Lubbock, Texas?

JENNINGS: I moved to Loveland, and worked as a disc jockey for about a year-and-a-half, and then moved over to Lubbock.

HUSTLER: Did your whole family move too?

JENNINGS: I was married, yeah. We're talking about a span of 4 or 5 years.

HUSTLER: So you were around 20 then?

JENNINGS: 19.

HUSTLER: What did you think was over there?

JENNINGS: In Lubbock? The top of the world, 'cause that's the biggest town I'd ever seen in my life. We went over there every once in a while.

HUSTLER: What did you do when you first got there, when you first settled in?

JENNINGS: Well, the station had been more or less, a good music station, and it was located in the top of the biggest building—the nicest bank building in town, the Great Plains Life Building. So the Corbin Brothers bought it and they asked me to go to work with them. And the four of us were the disc jockeys on there. We were country music disc jockeys. This is K-Triple-L (KLLL). So hayseeds moved into society as far as that building was concerned, but they really didn't like it. Country music was being played in the tallest building in West Texas but there should have been a sophisticated radio station there. Pretty soon it became #1 anyway. We had a pretty good thing going there.

HUSTLER: How did you become a disc jockey at such an early age? They say it was age twelve.

JENNINGS: It gets younger each time. Like I say, each time they re-write it... But I was around in my teens—13, 14, somewhere along in there. Actually, I started out doing my own singing, 15-minute show with another guitar player. Then they decided maybe I could talk, so they gave me a 2-hour country music show. The other announcers did all the commercials, and all I did was introduce records for KBOW.

HUSTLER: What type of tunes were you introducing?

JENNINGS: Country music. Like Webb Pierce was pretty hot in them days, and Wilma Lee, Stony Cooper, Tompall Glaser and the Glaser Brothers.

HUSTLER: What were your folks like? Were they into music too?

JENNINGS: Yeah, my dad played guitar, and he taught my mother how to play chords. My dad was more in the Jimmie

Rodgers type thing.

HUSTLER: Who turned you on to it in the beginning?

JENNINGS: I've never been turned on to it. Really. I was talking this morning with somebody, and they asked me when I really realized what I wanted to be. And I said, "I don't know, it was something that I just grew up wanting but I don't remember when it came about." My dad had a guitar and I remember that from when I was a little kid. Yeah my first guitar, my mother pulled cotton and brought it for \$5.

HUSTLER: Then you started playing in talent shows?

JENNINGS: It was pretty wild, I'll tell you. I could have had a nervous breakdown and ended it all right there. Have you ever learned 2 songs in one day, and then sing one...? Well, I learned 2 new songs one day and I sang one of them to the other's melody.

HUSTLER: What were the circumstances when you met Buddy Holly?

JENNINGS: All the kids around West Texas played on KDAV on Sunday, called Sunday Party. It was about the only exposure you could get.

HUSTLER: That was a live thing, right?

JENNINGS: Yeah. Buddy was working with 2 other guys, Bob Montgomery and Larry Wilburn. They had a group called Buddy, Bob, & Larry.

HUSTLER: What was the year?

JENNINGS: 1955. We always liked each other. Buddy Holly and I never had a cross word, all of our lives... his life.

Even though I made a lot of mistakes. I had just learned to play bass when I went to work with him. He said, "Here's this bass—you learn. Now here're my albums. You learn 'em, and you got a week-and-a-half to do it." That's basically what he said.

HUSTLER: Wasn't he a rocker, and you were more into C & W?

JENNINGS: He was from the Country & Western roots too. His music was basically rock-a-billy music. Besides that, it was more of a personal thing. We dug each other as people.

So you learned his music right away?

JENNINGS: No, I'll tell you what I did—I memorized the notes. I remember I'd been on the road about a month, I guess, and all of a sudden I realized what I was doing and what was happening—why, when you hit *that* note, it made *that* sound, although I'd memorized it.

HUSTLER: So then you finally got into it?

JENNINGS: Yeah. Just in time to quit. Buddy got killed you know.

HUSTLER: What was the music scene

around Texas then?

JENNINGS: There was lotta little rock-a-billy groups around.

HUSTLER: When you were in Buddy's group, you started singing as one of The Crickets?

JENNINGS: I worked only when he was there. I sang harmony with him some.

HUSTLER: What was the repertoire?

JENNINGS: Well, we always kicked off with *Gotta Travel On*.

HUSTLER: You don't mind talking about this, right?

JENNINGS: I do mind, really. I'll tell you why. I've said it all, so many times you know. I don't know really how to say it again. I don't want to be uptight about it. I'm trying to think of something new. I'm trying to give you something new but I can't think of anything. Now, the repertoire we did, you remember, was the old billy—thing called *Gotta Travel On*, and a couple other things. One that was really funny man was called *Salty Dog Blues*. It's an old bluegrass song and we did it on stage. Me 'n him'd sing harmony—I'd sing harmony to him—and we did regular bluegrass, no skids, really eased up, and they thought it was rock 'n' roll. That don't seem like that many years ago. I'm cuttin' an album now with The Crickets.

HUSTLER: Is it new stuff, or old stuff?

JENNINGS: It's Buddy's stuff basically. We're gonna do some new things though.

HUSTLER: About the fatal plane flight... you were supposed to go on the plane?

JENNINGS: Actually Buddy had chartered the plane for himself, me, and Tommy Allsup, who was the guitar player. The Big Bopper, J.P. Richardson, came to me and asked me if he could ride instead of me on the plane because he was a big guy and he was riding on a bus that he couldn't get comfortable in. I said, "It's alright with me, if it's alright with Buddy. You go ask him." So he asked him, and it was alright. So, pretty much the same thing happened with Ritchie Valens and Tommy Allsup.

HUSTLER: After the accident, you stopped playing for a while.

JENNINGS: I didn't want to... I just quit. I did not see any reason to even think about playing any more. It was such a waste. There was a lot of things come down afterwards, to show how people were, and how unfeeling they were. Like the booking agents problems. That they'd fly me home to the funeral if I'd stay. Well they fed me through the time of the funeral, but they wouldn't even give me any money. And they also promised that they'd let me have what Buddy would normally have... me and Tommy Allsup, we'd split between us you know. \$90 is

what we got.

HUSTLER: Do you think that maybe Buddy would have wanted you to take over where he left off with The Crickets?

JENNINGS: No. I was Buddy's prodigee and he cut my first record really. He produced it. And he said then, "You know, your voice is country, but you could sell in the pop field." That was 15 years ago. He was the first one to have that kind of faith in me.

HUSTLER: So you went into exile for a while, then you came back as a disc jockey again.

JENNINGS: No, I went right back to disc jockeyin' and it really brought me through a lot of head changes.

HUSTLER: Still in Lubbock? Back to the same station there?

JENNINGS: Yeah. I was pretty young and didn't understand it.

HUSTLER: What prompted the move to Phoenix?

JENNINGS: Well, I like Arizona, besides that I wasn't makin' no money in Texas; and I owed a lot of money. So I decided I'd just cool it.

HUSTLER: What did you find in Phoenix?

JENNINGS: I found a job in a little place called Frankie's Cocktail Lounge. It seated 80 people and we worked there for about 2½ years.

HUSTLER: That's when you formed The Waylors?

JENNINGS: Yeah. I had me and a bass man—Ed Metzendorf. His cousin, by the way, we hired later—Jerry Groph. There was no advertising. It was like a slow process of word-of-mouth and we played there until pretty soon, every night they were backed up outside trying to get in. So we moved to a place that seated about 250 people, called Wild Bill's, and it was successful from the beginning. Then we moved to a place that's known as The White Elephant, at Cross Keys. Like I told the boys in the band, I said, "Well if we blow it, we can always come back to work out here; but if we make it, we can write our own ticket. So, consequently we made it. Then these people came and told me they'd build this club if I'd go to work in it. It was called J.D.'s. That had an upstairs and downstairs, you know; more or less, the main level and the cellar. It seated about 250 downstairs and they played rock 'n' roll. We played country upstairs, and seated about 600 people.

HUSTLER: And that's really when people started noticing who you were?

JENNINGS: Yeah. We were there for 2 years I guess.

HUSTLER: Did you do any recording then?

JENNINGS: I recorded for A&M for about a year-and-a-half. Herb Alpert was my

A & R man.

HUSTLER: How did that come about?

JENNINGS: Don Bowman knew Jerry Moss.

HUSTLER: Didn't Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss want to give you a percentage of the company if you stayed?

JENNINGS: Yes. 8 or 10%. I don't even like to think how much money that is.

HUSTLER: But back then who knew, right?

JENNINGS: Yeah that's right.

HUSTLER: Weren't they good to you over there?

JENNINGS: I think they liked me too much, because they were trying too hard and we weren't communicating in the studio. Yet outside the studio, we were really close.

HUSTLER: Who was your producer there?

JENNINGS: Herb Alpert.

HUSTLER: Did you record it in Hollywood at LaBrea & Sunset?

JENNINGS: We did it everywhere. In Phoenix too, 'cause they didn't own a studio at that time you know.

HUSTLER: Then A & M took over Charlie Chaplin's.

JENNINGS: But that was many years later. This was '60 to '62.

HUSTLER: How has country music changed over the years?

JENNINGS: Actually, you know country music's only changes are the new phases of it. I mean new phases like "Country music's gone to town." Or "country-pop" as they call it. Now that was just another phase and another branch of country music. Right? And the same way with bluegrass or hillbilly. They were the dominant things; hillbilly, bluegrass, and country. Right? And from there you go to Western swing, and cowboy. So down to now, I think country music producers were into mass-production of records. You go in and get the record; they get the singer on there, and do 4 songs in 3 hours—or more, if possible. The whole thing is, one of them's bound to be a hit, because it was like a factory. The number system. And it depended completely on the singer to have all the feeling. That's why country music was half-way home all of its life. And I think the thing that's bringing it around now is people in all walks can relate to it, because it's together. It's come together, in the feel of the music, and the feel of the singer—interpretation.

HUSTLER: So you're saying in the old days production lacked. How about the technical aspects?

JENNINGS: Production lacked—oh sure most of them were cut on one machine. That's the way Hank Williams cut most of his stuff. He set up a microphone in the middle of the room and hooked it in. I'm

Continued on page 26

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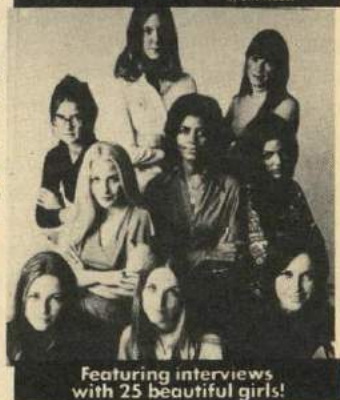
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WAYLON JENNINGS

Continued from page 24

talkin' about a lot of times the tempo in his records would almost double... pickin' up tempo.

HUSTLER: How do you think the staunch, old-school advocates have taken to the new breed C & W singers?

JENNINGS: I don't pay much attention to with what they're saying. Bill Monroe was over the other day to one of my sessions. He knows how much I respect him, he respects what I'm doing and really enjoys my records, and watching me record. He want me to play some of his bluegrass shows with him. Yeah, he's a legend.

HUSTLER: But when you go into Nashville, they want you to tow the line, don't they?

HUSTLER: Yeah, they have their own idea. It works with people, but it didn't work with me. I can't say it's wrong, because it has worked; but with me it was wrong, 'cause it didn't work and my way did.

HUSTLER: How did you come about going over to RCA?

JENNINGS: Bobby Bare, Duane Eddy, and Don Bowman, all called Chet Atkins and told him that they thought that he ought to sign me. So he called and asked me if I would consider it.

HUSTLER: And your option had run out with Moss and Alpert?

JENNINGS: No. I had almost another year to go, they asked them if they could release me so I could go over to RCA.

HUSTLER: And they were amicable?

JENNINGS: Yes.

HUSTLER: Then Chet started producing you?

JENNINGS: Yes.

HUSTLER: How was your relationship with him?

JENNINGS: Very Good!

HUSTLER: You said that he "drew a lot of things" out of you.

JENNINGS: He really did and we're still very close as friends.

HUSTLER: How was it to work with him?

JENNINGS: I'll tell you, it was a gas because if you could see the dude turned on with something you've done, it's worth weeks of work. He was very reserved, but he was very interested.

HUSTLER: Did you work with any other producers?

JENNINGS: Danny Davis.

HUSTLER: Didn't RCA want you to go more pop or MOR?

JENNINGS: RCA didn't say that, as a whole. I think Danny Davis felt that but he is no producer. He never was a pro-

ducer. He didn't know what to do with it because he didn't know anything about country music. I had ideas. I usually had an idea before I went in there. Danny was a good ol' boy, but he didn't know what he was doing there; the only way he would do it was he would let the studio musicians run it down, and see what they came up with.

HUSTLER: You once said you "couldn't go pop with a mouthful of firecrackers". What did you mean?

JENNINGS: People that holler, "He ain't country." Cause I'm this way, and they say, "He's trying to go pop, this way." It's like if I use a horn or strings—"He's tryin' to go pop." So that's when I say, "Well, I couldn't go pop with a mouthful of firecrackers."

HUSTLER: At one point during your career at RCA, weren't there offers from other companies—Atlantic, Columbia?

JENNINGS: I don't think that I can get into that too much, but I haven't really been available that much. Yes, there were some problems, and I was offered some things. But I have standing offers from a lot of companies.

HUSTLER: I've heard that you're opening up a little bit more into the business aspects of the industry. How did this come about?

JENNINGS: I think one of the best things to happen to me is my partnership with Tompall Glaser. You know, Tompall was the first to buck the system, get his own production deal, and be able to do his own thing. A lot of people didn't know that. He did it very quietly and I was the second one. I didn't even know he'd already done it.

HUSTLER: What do you call your production company?

JENNINGS: WGJ Productions. That stands for Waylon 'Goddam' Jennings.

HUSTLER: And your own publishing?

JENNINGS: No, my publishing is run and controlled by Tompall Glaser. And we have another company—Fifteen Year Music. Which means, for 15 years we've been trying to get our own thing going. Tompall has taught me so much in the business field, he's been a friend all the way; besides being one of the most talented people I know and one of my favorite singers.

HUSTLER: Are you going into producing?

JENNINGS: No. I'll probably do some things, you know, work on them; but basically I'll co-produce my own things and co-produce on Jessi Colter. We just cut a new session on her. Ken Mansfield did that.

HUSTLER: Your wife, Jessi Colter, said that she knew 'you'd be a good business-

man if you paid attention to it'.

JENNINGS: Well let me add her with Tompall Glaser. She never pushed me to do it. She said, "One of these days you're going to be a great businessman, because you will like it."

HUSTLER: She was sort of an inspiration too?

JENNINGS: She's been an inspiration, period! If it hadn't been for her, I don't know if I'd had the courage or the will to go on, a lot of times. Jessi Colter is... well there's just no way to describe her. She's the most talented person I've ever met and the best person I've ever known.

HUSTLER: Do you do any singing with her?

JENNINGS: I've done duets with her on RCA, yeah. Like I say, she's Jessi Colter.

HUSTLER: Did you get ripped off in the past by the big industry music machine?

JENNINGS: I've been ripped off, yeah. Well, you live according to the times you know. I've sold songs too because I needed the money. I'll tell you, as far as being ripped off, the industry as a whole... the main rip-off was letting me go through a lot of things, instead of telling them there is a better way. You know, I've been ripped off of money and everything. I've had bookers book me into a 'skull orchard'—that's cowboy slang for honky-tonk, or lounge—and they refer to us as billys.

HUSTLER: Even now in this day and age?

JENNINGS: No. If they do, they whisper it. That's right! And they would say... the attitude of the whole country industry, when you came into town, was: You should be thankful. If we like you, we'll take care of you. You should be thankful we're going to let you record. Now son, we'll take you in. We don't need you, but we'll book you. We run things. You really work for us. Even though the percentage is 15% for booking, we won't call anybody, we'll wait till the phone calls come in. Yeah, I've paid a lot of dues.

HUSTLER: Tell me about some of your hard days on the honky-tonk circuit?

JENNINGS: Yeah, I said good-night to a guy one night—a bouncer—he'd been there all night. And as I got about 3 feet from him, somebody shot him.

HUSTLER: That was in Kentucky, right?

JENNINGS: Yeah. And the main thing is what it did to you mentally. You just over and over and over again, play the same places. Same money, and sometimes even less—even though you're gettin' up there. And another thing—on the roster at the booking agencies. I don't know if it was the one I was with—I'm not saying it was the one that did it or not but I do know

that at least 75% of the agencies in Nashville, always had a big white horse. And they'd say, "We'll give you him, for a better deal here. Or for 2 days instead of the 1 day. This artist, this artist, this artist, understand. Book them." I guess that's living according to the times.

HUSTLER: What do you think make the atmosphere like that?

JENNINGS: I'll tell you, I don't know how to get into this right, except that they ought to burn down a place like that.

HUSTLER: Do they still have them around?

JENNINGS: Hell yeah. They go in, it's a hang-out for the ruffians, or the would-be ruffians, and they book in a little country music every once in a while.

HUSTLER: Do you think that the music goes with that kind of atmosphere?

JENNINGS: Mine don't. Some of it does, yeah. Some of it leans and some of it's not comfortable until you hear it in that environment. That ain't a mean environment, that's a dumb environment. That ain't a tough environment. It's like, some ol' boy that don't really care . . . he's taken all the money, and blown it at the horseraces, or something like that. Whatever he does with his money, it doesn't matter. He ain't fixin' up his place though. They got a tin can for a P.A. system. And if they don't make quite enough money, they'll rip you off you know. They won't pay you all of it. And at the end of the night you better collect before you go on. Well you know, like at one place they said, "Well we didn't have that much cash. We'll have it at the end of the night." So I called my agent and he says, "Yeah, they'll be alright, I imagine. Why don't you go ahead and play it." So I went ahead and played it, and sure enough—when it was all over, they weren't around no more. They'd done took the money and split.

HUSTLER: Do you think places like that and living like that, led to your black hat evil image?

JENNINGS: Well I'll tell you what. I always liked vests. I always did. I feel like I ain't dressed without one. And black and white are just as nice looking colors as you can get, right? As far as the look and everything, I think I can put on pink and I'm still pretty mean if you make me mad.

HUSTLER: Inside you though, in your head and your heart, do you think like that?

JENNINGS: I got to where I am really, mean because I was on the road, and nobody really happened to us out there.

Somebody just booked the dates, and never saw it anywhere. We had no protection. They didn't pay us the Musicians Union (scale). The Union would put them on the blacklist and I don't know if that did any good or not. But what I'm sayin' is this: It was like I was going nowhere. You're on a merry-go-round and it's hard as hell to get off. I was on the road one year nearly 300 days. And maybe the badass look is just a frown, or tired—I don't know.

HUSTLER: A lot of people expected you to live up to that Luciferian legend?

JENNINGS: What do you mean, 'the badass scam?' Well I don't know what they expected us to live up to but I haven't really run from anything lately. See, I ain't in the fight game. I'm into singin'. I guess that's where they lost a bit.

HUSTLER: Some of your lyrics though, like "The devil made me do it the first time, the second time I did it on my own."

JENNINGS: Hey. I've been with some pretty foxy little black chicks, and the devil had nothin' to do with the first time, and the 2nd time, 3rd time, 4th time, it was *all* mine. If that's what you mean. No I'll tell you what. Black Rose is a good song. It's actually a redneck's approach.

HUSTLER: What do the rednecks think about that one?

JENNINGS: I think they like the best. I don't know if they understand the song or not. Maybe it shot under their head.

HUSTLER: Do you run into a lot of trouble when you play for an intense redneck crowd, who don't understand . . . your hair, your image, etc.

JENNINGS: Once or twice and then it's all over. I've had people say things about the long hair, but usually they don't say too much about me. They've known all along, it ain't nobody's business what I look like anyway. I didn't come in lookin' pretty, and I ain't gonna try to be pretty. I don't laugh at *their* hair bein' cut, and lookin' like a peeled onion up past the collar, right?

HUSTLER: Didn't you and Johnny Cash run around a lot, back in the old days.

JENNINGS: We stumbled around a lot.

HUSTLER: What are some of the things you remember about Johnny?

JENNINGS: I don't know, let's see. About the only thing I remember about John, really, really, vivid is baking powder all over a black tux. 'Cause he cooked breakfast, and I swear man, it was a white suit when he was through. But he wasn't a bad cook. He cooked biscuits, and scrambled some eggs, and made a little gravy. Of course, it was all over the kitchen,

all over the dining room, time we got dinner. It was a mess is what it was, but it tasted good. He's a pretty good cook. I gotta lay that in there.

HUSTLER: Didn't you share a lakeside mansion with him near Nashville?

JENNINGS: No, no. I shared a \$150 apartment over in Madison. He moved to the mansion you know. He bought that mansion. I spotted it when I was on the lake one time, and I told him about it.

HUSTLER: Weren't you roommates then?

JENNINGS: No. He tried to get me to move out there, and I wouldn't do it. It was gettin' to a point to where we were gettin' in trouble together.

HUSTLER: What kind of trouble?

JENNINGS: See, we more or less kept our problems, our personal problems, to ourselves; and tried to handle them ourselves. Although he would steal your dope, I meant it.

HUSTLER: Did he get you on to that same . . .

JENNINGS: No sir. He was not the one who had anything to do with it. In fact he was . . . like I said, when we decided to get the apartment together—everybody just knew we'd die within a week. But I told John, I said "John, let's be friends." And that's what we are, and what we were and still are. I said, "We both got some hang-ups. I said, 'What's yours is yours. If I can help you get off them I will, but I won't help you keep them up. And you don't do it with me either.'" So we never gave each other a pill. We just never went into the dope thing together; but we lied to each other a lot . . .

HUSTLER: But you knew when he was high, and he knew when you were high.

JENNINGS: Yeah we'd always come in and say, "Man say, I'm feelin' great." Could tell you'd been up for 4 days you know.

HUSTLER: I heard some stories that you used to go around kicking doors in with dynamite.

JENNINGS: Yeah, we did a lot of that. Kick doors in—there's a feelin' of security to watch that door splinter. I don't know what it is, but one thing, you get inside because you ain't got no key; and this guy inside has been up for 8 days, and he just went to sleep and done bolted you out. So you just open the door.

HUSTLER: Musically, what is your opinion of Cash now?

JENNINGS: Musically? Now let me think what he's done. I guess the religious gospel type thing . . . I can't believe he's in it *that* deep. I'll tell you there's a Jimmie Rodgers-Snow congregation out there, and I just don't know if Cash is still into that or not—in that strong and being a part of it.

HUSTLER: He's taken the whole religious
Continued on page 77

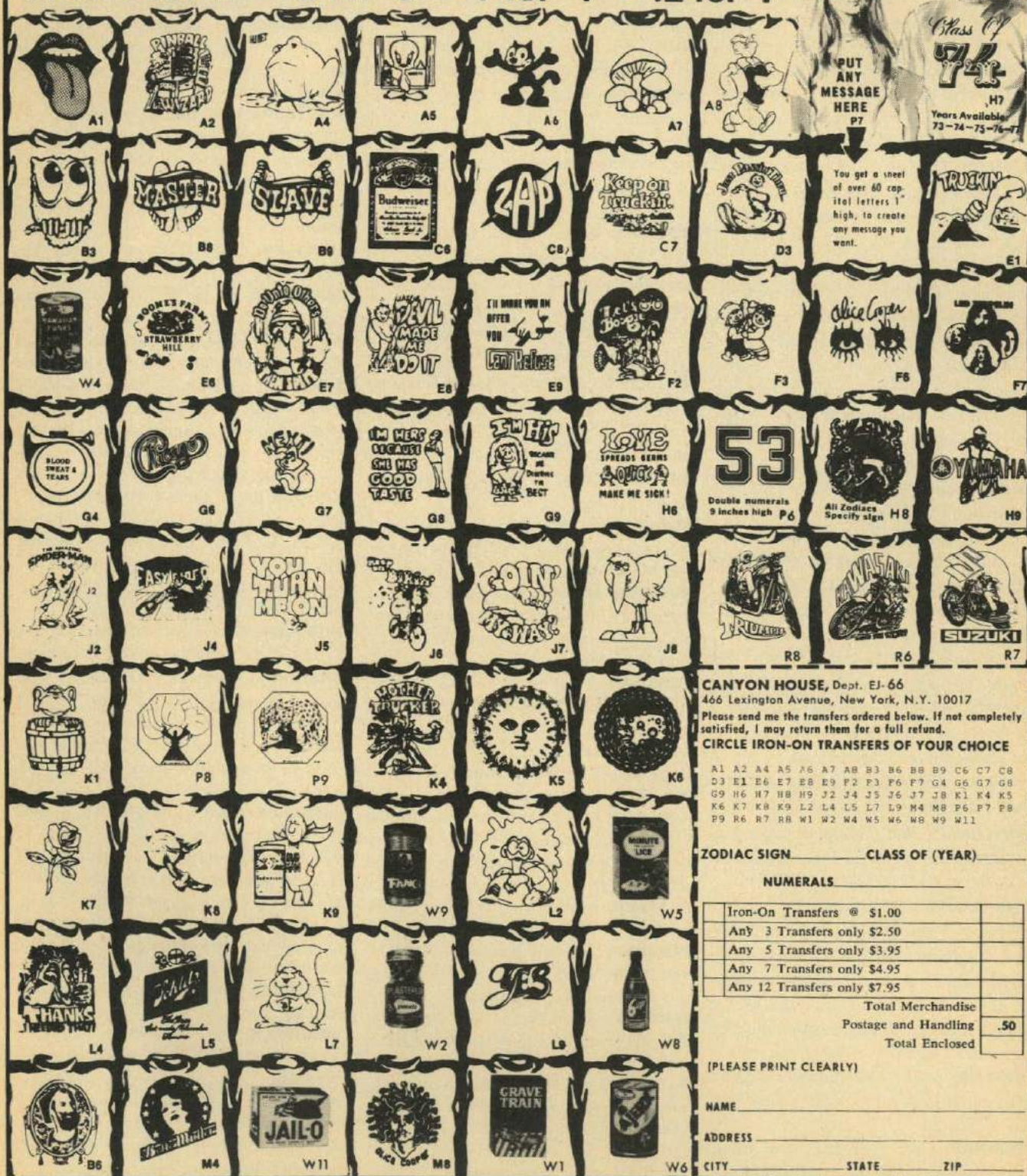
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ADVICE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

My boyfriend is a "leg man." He is not turned on by my breasts, so usually we make love without him touching them. I feel like I'm missing something. What do you think?

A. W.
Swainsboro, Georgia

We think you're missing something, too. Depending on how sensitive your breasts are, you may be missing a great deal. Some women can even get an orgasm when the man's penis is massaged against or between their breasts. Other women do not have full orgasms like this, but they can get well on the way. Of course, kissing, sucking and fondling the breasts are pleasurable both for those who are doing it and those who are having it done to them. It seems there's some physical connection between the erogenous areas of the breasts and the pelvis. Maybe your boyfriend doesn't realize what fun he's missing. Coax him.

I was divorced six months ago after being married for 16 years. I always thought I was a steady, reliable type. I never had much trouble sticking to one woman—until now. I find myself hopping into bed with several different women in a week. I'm wondering if this is going to be the pattern of my life from now on. Swinging is fun, but is it healthy?

S. S.
Camino Del Mar, California

Divorce is such a drastic change in itself it's no wonder that your sexual habits have changed, too. It's really not unusual for men—and women—in your situation to behave like you are. Our guess is that eventually you'll return to your monogamous pattern. In the meantime, don't get uptight about your sex life—just enjoy.

I've heard that smoking can cause a man to have difficulties with sex. It seems to me that if that's true, it would make a lot of men quit.

John Witherspoon
Madison, Wisconsin

You heard right. If a man smokes excessively, it can make it difficult for him to get an erection. This is one of the great unpublishized disadvantages of smoking. The published ones, of course, include heart disease, emphysema, strokes, cancer—and bad breath, dirty teeth, holes in furnishing and ashtrays to wash. Besides, if a smoker and a nonsmoker make love, and the smoker gets obviously great pleasure from that first after-sex cigarette, the nonsmoker may feel left out or used, because the sexual experience seems to be a means to more enjoyment in smoking. Sounds paranoid, but it's a possibility.

I notice that in most porno movies there are some scenes of two women making love. These scenes don't do much for me. Of course, I'm a man. Do you think they're exciting to women? Why do the movie makers include them?

Karl Lindgren
Butte, Montana

Our experience is that many heterosexual men, but not all, are excited by watching lesbian scenes. Most porno movies are made to titillate male viewers, and that's the principal reason for the lesbian scenes. As for women: most lesbians enjoy

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ADVICE & CONSENT

scenes with women only; most heterosexual women are not turned on by lesbianism. Most heterosexual men are not excited by homosexual scenes, but many heterosexual women are. What we don't know much about is how lesbians respond to homosexual scenes, and how homosexuals respond to lesbian scenes. We'd like to hear about readers' experiences.

My wife says that sometimes after we make love she feels she wants to do it again right away. Does that mean I'm not enough for her?

Name Withheld
Phoenix,

No. But it might mean that you should at least investigate the possibility of having sex together several times within a short period. Don't be timid about asking her to help you get going again—with her hands and mouth. Or she might be turned on by watching you do it yourself. Maybe both you and she will find it's not all that satisfying. On the other hand, you may both dig it.

Is it true that a blow job—in the literal sense of the expression—will kill a woman?

Al Spender
Davenport, Iowa

Blowing into the vagina can cause air embolism and has caused sudden death. This does not mean, however, that you must hold your breath.



I'm addicted to sex-advice columns like some guys are to sci-fi books. I thought I had heard of everything until I read some nut bragging about the sexual kicks he gets with vacuum cleaners. The adviser (I won't mention names) said as much as, different strokes for different folks, and treated the whole thing pretty flipantly. I couldn't believe it! I mean, that's got to be dangerous. What do you say?

Don Armstrong
Lewistown, Montana



We suggest that people stay away from vacuum cleaners or air lines of any sort, for that matter. Injuries of the penis inflicted by vacuum cleaners are more common than you'd think, and difficult to repair satisfactorily.

My boyfriend is making me write this letter. I recently "confessed" that my favorite way of masturbating is in the bath tub under tap water. I've been doing it that way for years—whenever he's not around. Now, he's telling me that I may be harming my body. What do you think?

A. R.
Arlington, Virginia

Masturbating with tap water is safe as long as you direct it at the clitoris, not into the vagina. Anything under pressure can find its way up into the Fallopian tubes and cause serious harm.

The other night I woke up with a painful erection. I walked around for awhile but it wouldn't go away. By that time, the girl I was sleeping with woke up, so we made love. I had a complete ejaculation, but the erection persisted. It was pretty embarrassing. I couldn't sleep the rest of the night. Luckily it went away the next day. Is there anything I can do if this happens again?

Luke Johnson
Louisville, Kentucky

Most men get erections in their sleep, but they are usually accompanied by pleasant sensual feelings. The erection you describe is relatively rare. Outside of walking around a bit or taking a shower, there is little you can do. Masturbation or intercourse don't seem to help, and drugs are apt to turn off potency completely. As is often the case with ailments of unknown causes, prolonged, painful erections may be due to some anxiety and will disappear along with worries. If painful erection reappears and will not go away, see a doctor.

What is a Viennese Oyster?

Janet Mitchell
Chicago, Illinois

The classic Viennese Oyster can be performed only by very supple ladies. It consists of lying on your back and crossing your feet behind your head, while your partner is lying on you full-length. Although you may not be able to maintain this position for long, it gives great genital pleasure for both you and your lover. If you can't get your body into this position, you might try a variation: Cross your ankles on your tummy with your knees touching your shoulders.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The article by G. L. Tassone ("It's Not My Rain") in the July issue was outstanding. I have read a few other things by him and feel he is really worth following. Definitely publish more of his work since he is a very fine writer. Also, love your whole magazine—keep up the good work.

J. H.
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

I have visited a couple of your Hustler Clubs—the one in Akron and the one in Columbus—and really think they are classy. They have everything that the big name clubs have, if not more. The girls are beautiful and great to talk with. My question is—when are you going to open a club in Boston. I would love having the benefits of the Hustler Club right here in my own hometown and I know others that agree with me.

JERRY POST
Boston, Massachusetts

(Ed. note: Your wish is on the way. A Hustler Club has been sold in Boston and should be opening up in the very near future. Watch the newspapers for our Grand Opening.)

I like your new magazine although I think the photographs could have been clearer. Since I think the sexiest part of a woman is her pussy, I would like to see more of these type of shots. I also think your magazine should appeal to both men and women equally because both could appreciate it. I wish you would also show men and women making love. Good clear open shots. This would really put you ahead of the rest of the magazines. The public is ready for it.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Battle Creek, Michigan

(Ed. note: Stay tuned—watch for our upcoming issues.)



"George, I think our 'growing friendship' has grown out of proportion."

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GARY MAGIC

By John Hampshire

As one small example, consider Jackson at the stoplight on this incredibly muggy Gary, Indiana day, all the shit hanging around his '69 red Mustang, in the air and in the gutter, like a town carved out of an everlasting elephant fart, with the temperature well above 90.

The day had been Jackson's longest. He'd watched each drop of sweat walk down his face and onto the floor by the boiler, where he worked as an operator in one of the mills. Three years ago he developed a cough beside the boiler, and it's stayed with him since, getting worse in winters and a little better on these slow summer days; a man of 60 at 37.

He often thought, and seriously, that if his health were better he would have left the fucking factories and made a name for himself as a union leader, one of the few every American knows by name, living in Washington and working in the world's largest labor office with a couple of secretaries, and wall to wall air conditioning.

Continued on page 81





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very good but when she's bad
she's GREAT."*





"Wild, firey, exciting! That's the way I want everything—life, love and sex. The more exciting and stimulating, innovating and unique, the better."



"I'll do anything, sometimes not even within reason. It depends on how I feel. If I'm horny, nothing is too weird and bizarre—and I'm horny most of the time!"

"I feel as tho I have no limitations, especially with my body. It's held up pretty well so far and I have really put it through quite alot of use."







"I like sex of
any sort—rough
and hard—I'm
always ready."





As you were going down on a girl for the first time, wouldn't it be nice to know exactly *what* you were going down on. Instead of the everyday bush you might find on the street, wouldn't it be a sheer delight to find one that really had true meaning and insight to it??? How about it guys. Why not ask your girlfriends to get out the peroxide bottle and scissors and go to town designing and shaping your favorite...

FUZZ



According to good old Webster's the definition of fuzz is: 1) loose, light, fibrous or fluffy matter. 2) A mass or coating of such matter, as "Be sure to wash the fuzz off the peach before you eat it." 3) U.S. Slang for policeman, detective or policemen collectively.

Is the fuzz *really* on your peach, or perhaps on your grape or your petite little tulip or rosebud? Whatever you do, don't eat it until you have looked at it a little closer. That's it. get your face right down in there and take a closer look. You may be very surprised at what you see!!!





You see, fuzz can really be anything you want it to be and represent anything you want it to. It doesn't always have to be that dull lifeless bush that hangs down there between her legs, useless until its needed for one of the only three functions it was created for (pissing, fucking and child bearing). Let your imagination go wild and put a little more life in your sex life. Like your fantasies. No one has the market on them. You can imagine anything. Like a pair of tits, for instance, bouncing up and down in front of your face like two pawn shop balls or, when naked, a big or small, whatever the case might be, pink-eyed cyclops staring you right in the eye. An ass as mellow as the rushing waves, rising, parting and falling around your rigid phallus. And then her twat, the fucktabulous, lickable, fucktastic, suckable, fuckable fuzz you have come to know and love loving. Suddenly its taking shape and form and becoming something else!! Something with completely new meaning. After knowing it as just a bush in which you can romp and play, love and lay—it is now a new concept, a completely new idea in a "fur piece". A true form of self-expression, on her behalf. In this world of impersonalization, an individual can be as unique as she wants; Just let *your* mind go free—to imagine beautiful things—flowers in the spring, ripe tempting fruit hanging from the vine, the essence a wealth is nothing more than a gold fur pie, or the truly free spirit full of love and giving to all mankind, right from the heart, and it just wouldn't be right to let the good old red, white and blue get out without the slightest mention—they seem to show up in the oddest places nowadays!

FUZZ





"They told me after the operation I'd only have to shave my legs."



Diana

HUSTLER presents Diana — one of the many scrumptious and delectable young hostesses at the Hustler Clubs. A newcomer to the Columbus Club, located at 36 W. Gay St., Diana told us that she “just loves” her work.

“Some places that you go to just give you a drink and that’s it, but the Hustler is different. Not only do we serve drinks but we dance, sit down and talk with the customers. Sometimes a guy is just traveling thru or is new in town or maybe just lonesome and stops by the Club. We really do our best to make him feel at home — we ply him with drinks, give him mind-blowing entertainment, talk to him about anything he wants to talk about and drink with him — he always goes home happy.”





Being naturally turned on to people, Diana feels that travel is a great way to meet different types of people. "Of course, the only way to really get to know people is to live in the same environment that they are living in. Since Hustler Clubs are located all over the Midwest, and also in Boston and Washington D.C., I will be able to work in the local club and enjoy the city at the same time."

"Sometimes, I have the most fantastic dreams about my customers. One night a guy came in, we talked and I danced for him—he just loved it."





Later that night, while I was lying in my bed in a sort of half unconscious state, my mind drifted to this hunk of a man. As dreams go, he had the biggest—not that I'm hung up on size, any size is good enough for me—and the best prick I've ever had. As he pushed it into my tight twat, the pressure made me explode instantaneously

again and again. His ramrod did such beautiful things to my cunt! In and out and in and out for what seemed to be forever. He held on and didn't come until I had spent at least 50 times. And then as the excitement built up and became unbearable it seemed that both of our bodies spasmed into the longest and strongest orgasm of all time.

"After my mind and body reunited itself, I awakened somewhat to realize that it was truly a dream and that I had put the wine bottle, from which I had been drinking, clear up my snatch. Even though it was a fantastic session, I wish my dream man had really been there. But I'll go on dreaming until he is—next time maybe it will be you!!!"



HUSTLER'S HONEY / OCTOBER 1974







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hustler humor

An optimist is a man who, after coming home unexpectedly and finding cigar butts in the ashtrays, decides his wife must have given up cigarettes.

A recently announced insecticide is basically an aphrodisiac . . . it lets you kill two bugs at a time.

At her wit's end, the young wife finally took pen in hand and wrote to a lovelorn columnist:

"I'm afraid I married a sex maniac. My husband never leaves me alone—he makes love to me all night long, while I'm in the shower, while I'm in the office, while I'm cooking breakfast, while I'm making the beds and even while I'm trying to clean the house. Can you tell me what to do?"

Sign me,
Worn-out

P.S. Please excuse the jerky handwriting."

While lecturing the Sunday schoolers on the nature of sin and damnation, the rural minister asked one lad, "Do you know where little boys and girls go when they do bad things?"

"Yes sir," replied the boy. "Back of Fogarty's barn."

It's getting so that nowadays, the most often-used marriage proposal is, "You're what?"

The term *taxpayer* may be defined as people who don't have to pass a civil-service exam in order to work for the government.

The policeman was walking his beat when he saw two men fighting and a little boy standing alongside them crying, "Daddy, Daddy!"

The officer pulled the two men apart and, turning to the boy, asked, "Which one is your father, lad?"

"I don't know," the boy said, rubbing the tears from his eyes. "That's what they're fighting about!"

Pitiable is the word for Milton, the manufacturer. He accumulated millions making men's suits, and lost it all making one skirt.

"I won't say I'm getting old," the aging duffer told his golfing partner, "but lately my sex drive's turned into a putt."

After a round of golf, two men were changing their clothes in the country-club locker room. One of the men started putting on a girdle and the other, quite astonished, said, "Since when did you start wearing that thing!"

Shaking his head, the first man replied, "Ever since my wife found it in the glove compartment of our car."

One of the most active men about town we know was thoroughly upset by the results of a recent medical examination.

"You've set yourself a killing pace with the ladies and it has got to stop," the doctor warned. "You're literally falling apart piece by piece."

Her precocious six-year-old daughter came tugging at the mother's skirt, asking, "Mommy, can I have a baby?"

"Of course not, dear," the mother replied without missing a stroke in her ironing.

"Are you sure?" the little girl persisted.

"Yes, I'm sure," said the mother.

As she ran to rejoin her playmates in the yard, the child called out, "OK fellas, same game!"



"Somehow, I just don't feel right wearing bermuda shorts."

By Kurt Kraus

It was a stinking room in more ways than one, Herbie thought, wakening to the stench of his landlady's last night cabbage dinner and the acrid odor of his own socks drying on the radiator. He hoped his shoes were dry, looking out the window he saw it really wouldn't matter. The rain was still coming down. A cold relentless November rain.

What he needed was a nice garden apartment in Miami Beach. "And that's what I'm going to get," he said half-aloud, moving to his windowless bathroom.

That was his long range plan: to get to Florida for a job as a cabana-boy pouring golden oil on the limbs and backs of rich young widows. Or maybe crew out on a touring Caribbean pleasure yacht? Anyway, rich women and the sun. But first there was his short range plan here in Cleveland which was to be tested in a few hours.

Examining his square face in the mirror, he noted that his acne scars were fading into his tanned face. The sun lamp was a luxury, but he needed it. Though he was almost twenty-three he could have passed for much younger. He kept his medium-sized, long-waisted body in shape with nightly exercises. He needed that too for his long-range plan. Brushing his teeth methodically, he examined them for any signs of cavities. It was a good face, he thought, smiling to himself—even a handsome face.

But up till now it had been the face of a loser. Not that Herbie thought of himself that way. He was still waiting for his big chance, convinced that it was as inevitable as the lowering of the mini-skirt. Though he realized he wasn't any genius and could never pull off anything to rival Yellow Kid Weil, he knew he had some smarts. And guts too. Maybe not the foolhardy kind that prompted John Dillinger to vault the counters of small town banks with a tommy gun in each hand. But enough.

The one thing that inevitably brought him down was the irregular scar that ran across his once-aqualine nose. It had been put there by a woman—middle aged and really pretty scrawny—when he was seventeen. Though he'd never been caught for trying to snatch her purse, the blow he received from her rolled umbrella (which splattered his nose across his face) was as humiliating as if he had. And he ran his fingers over the scar, as he did now, it always shook loose the memories of his other failures in crime.

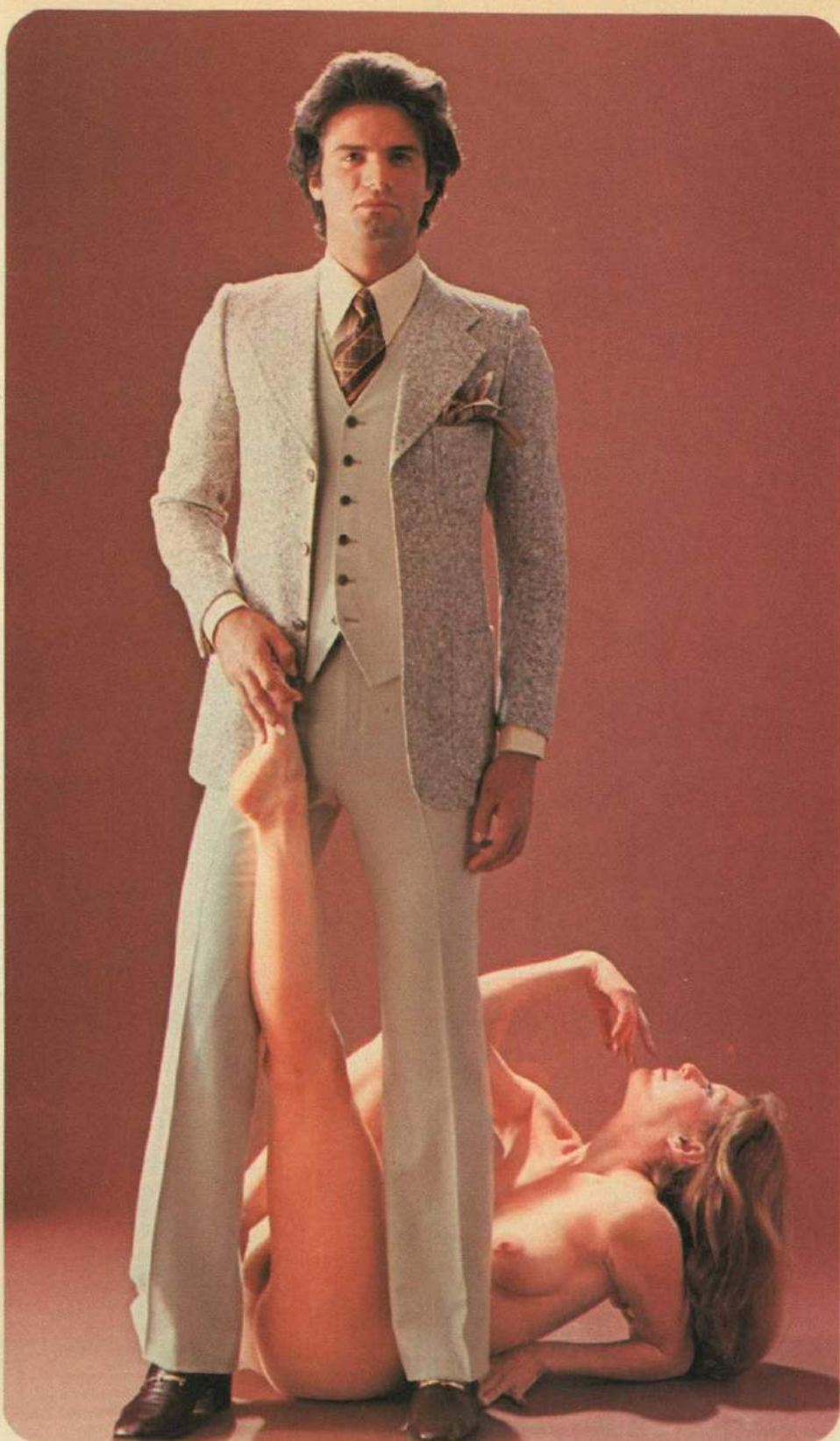
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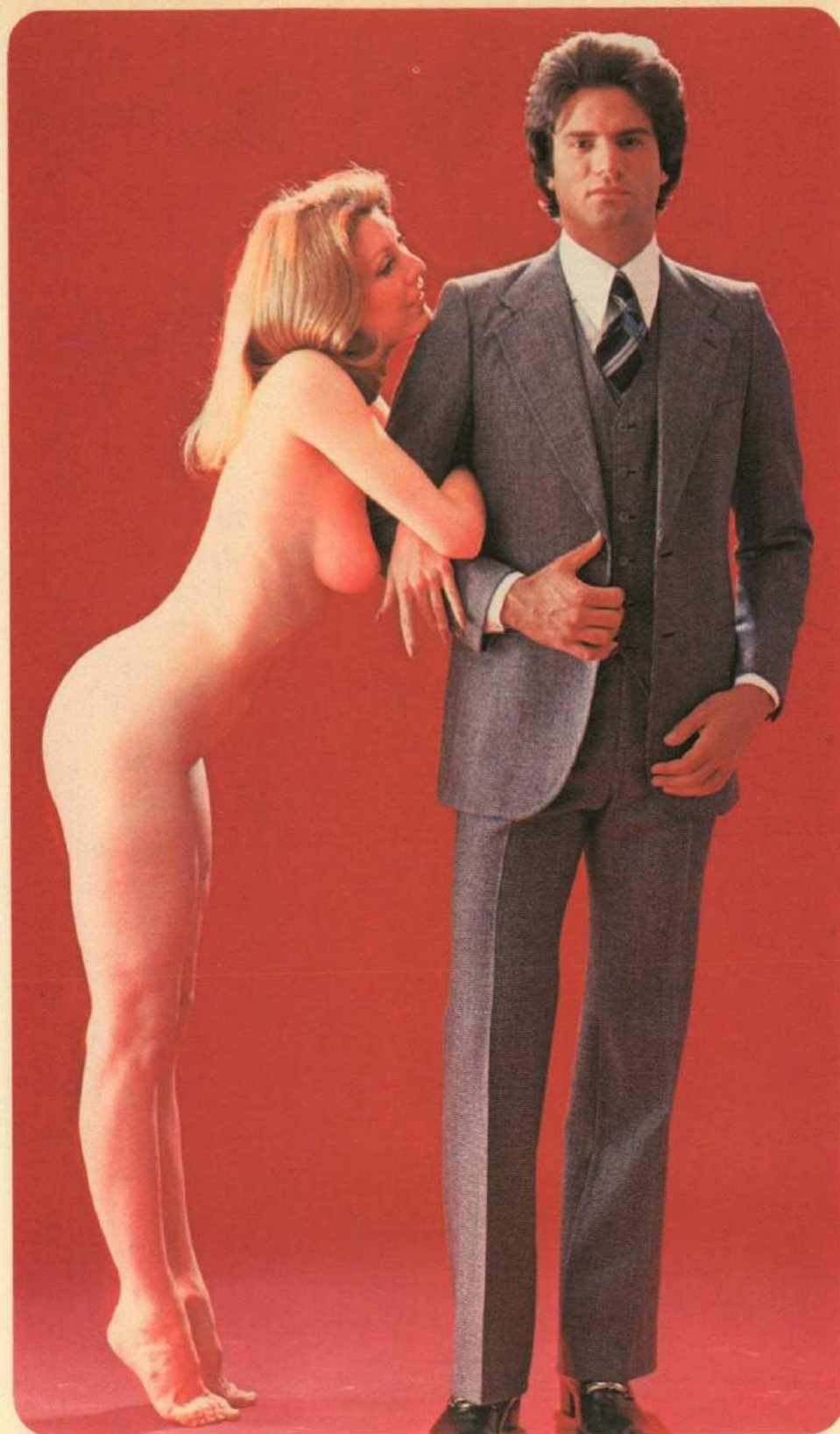
THE ABSOLUTELY
FOOL-PROOF
ONE-MAN
BOX-OFFICE
CAPER

PHOTOGRAPHY: RICHARD LITWIN



FASHION

Extremely fine light Irish Donegal tweed coat. Comes with ecru flannel vest and self-belt trousers. Suede trim edges on vest and trouser pockets. \$385.



FASHION

Bellini "Basic" three piece suit in blue and gray tweed, suppressed waistline, flash pockets and classic '30's lapel. \$375.



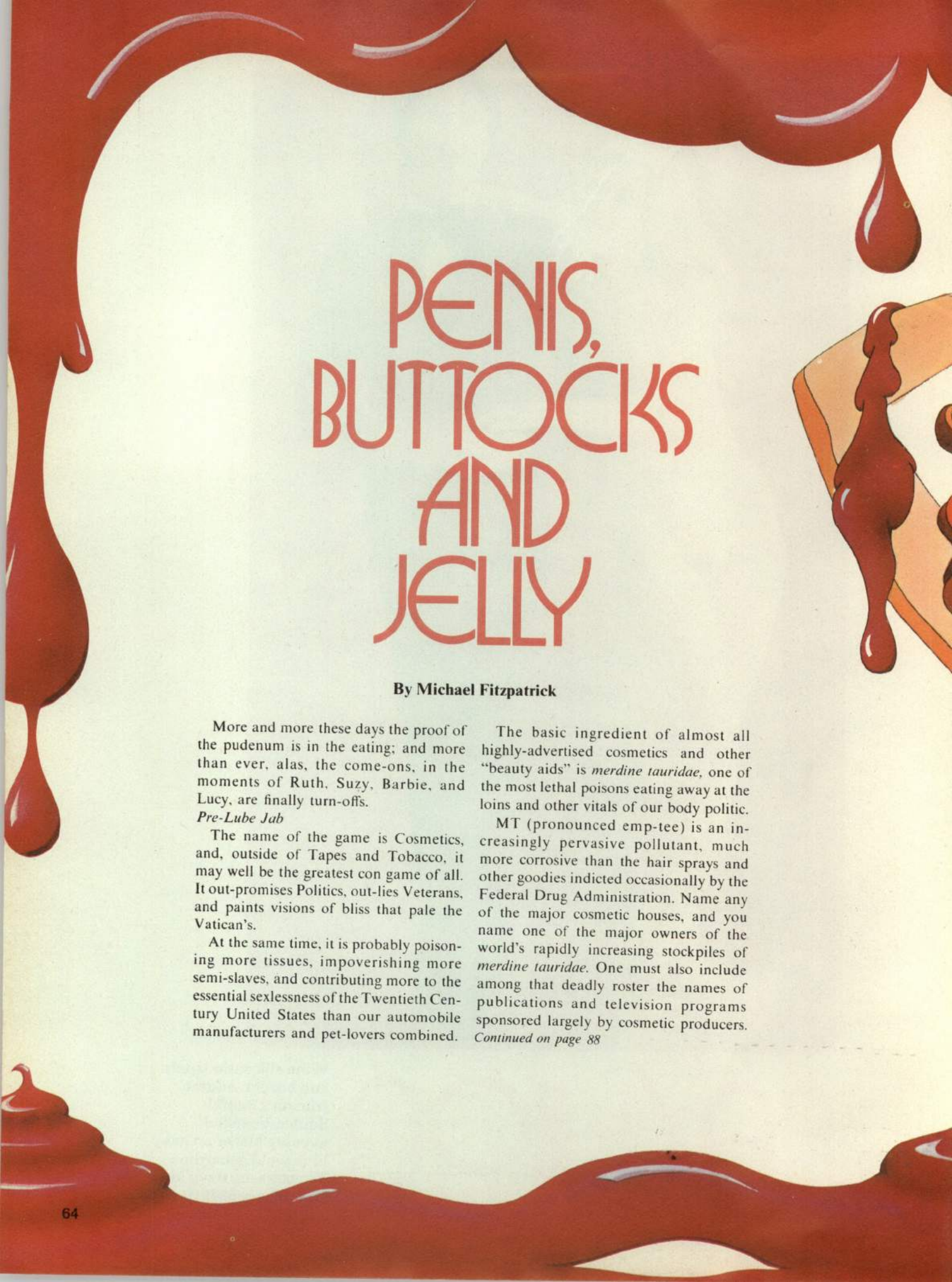
FASHION

Trench coat by Bellini of imported brown and beige tweed, double-breasted with slightly over-sized bone buttons. Buckled sleeve details. \$295.



FASHION

Wine silk satin lapels and border, outline trim on a Bellini double-breasted evening blazer on navy blue wool gabardine. Trousers are navy blue silk. Blazer \$245; Pants \$125.



PENIS, BUTTOCKS AND JELLY

By Michael Fitzpatrick

More and more these days the proof of the pudenum is in the eating; and more than ever, alas, the come-ons, in the moments of Ruth, Suzy, Barbie, and Lucy, are finally turn-offs.

Pre-Lube Jub

The name of the game is Cosmetics, and, outside of Tapes and Tobacco, it may well be the greatest con game of all. It out-promises Politics, out-lies Veterans, and paints visions of bliss that pale the Vatican's.

At the same time, it is probably poisoning more tissues, impoverishing more semi-slaves, and contributing more to the essential sexlessness of the Twentieth Century United States than our automobile manufacturers and pet-lovers combined.

The basic ingredient of almost all highly-advertised cosmetics and other "beauty aids" is *merdine tauridae*, one of the most lethal poisons eating away at the loins and other vitals of our body politic.

MT (pronounced emp-tee) is an increasingly pervasive pollutant, much more corrosive than the hair sprays and other goodies indicted occasionally by the Federal Drug Administration. Name any of the major cosmetic houses, and you name one of the major owners of the world's rapidly increasing stockpiles of *merdine tauridae*. One must also include among that deadly roster the names of publications and television programs sponsored largely by cosmetic producers.

Continued on page 88





MICHELLE





From the rolling hills of Virginia, Michelle emerged to share her charms and talents with the world. She has been striving for excellence in voice and dance for the past couple of years in hopes of performing professionally. However, this was not always her dream.

"I love people and I've always wanted to help them in any way possible. That's why I entered nursing school. It seemed with that type of training I could help out where people needed it most, but after working in a hospital for a while, I soon discovered that it takes a very special person to be a nurse and accept the pain and misery of others as a daily occurrence. I would become very depressed knowing there was nothing I could do for some poor suffering soul. So I moved on to a happier note—to make an audience relax and forget their problems by listening to me belt out a song or by watching me twirl around in an exotic dance number.



That is also why I posed for
HUSTLER—to make people forget
their troubles and find pleasure in
looking at me and imagining being
with me or loving me. I derive a great
deal of satisfaction from knowing
just by my mere presence or the
appearance of my photograph, people
are happier. I love you all."





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has GLENN TURNER been stopped?

By **JOHN FRASCA**
Pulitzer Prize Winner

It's gone now, the huge illuminated sign that hung in the skies over Orlando for two years, strategically situated just off Interstate-4 so that the millions of tourists traveling to and from Florida's Disney World could view with eye-popping wonder the 15-foot blow-up of a photographic bust of Glenn Wesley Turner, master salesman and motivational genius. The three-foot letters accompanying the sign carried the legend: "Welcome to Orlando, Home of the Unstoppable Glenn Turner." In arranging for the billboard, Les O'Neill, publicity director of Turner's parent company, Turner Enterprises, Inc., ordered the biggest in the world. The poster, framed atop a steel structure 80 feet high, may not have met O'Neill's requirements, but it certainly was the biggest in Florida.

It wasn't because Glenn had been stopped that the sign was taken down. Rather, it was because the rental money—\$2800 a month—was needed more urgently in Jacksonville where Turner, seven associates and his world-famed attorney, F. Lee Bailey, were standing trial on mail fraud charges. The Government claimed that Turner Enterprises and two other Turner companies, Koscot Interplanetary and Dare To Be Great, had been operating illegally and, therefore,

any material sent through the U.S. mails in order to promote the products handled by them constituted a Federal violation.

At this stage in his career, just six years after he started his meteoric climb to the top of a world-wide business empire whose paper worth was estimated at between \$100,000,000 and \$150,000,000, Glenn needed every dime he could get his hands on. When the trial started on September 17, 1973, his far-flung operations, stretching from America to Mexico, South America, Europe and Australia, already had been severely drained by legal battles. In addition to the loss of revenue, Turner was financially crippled by attorney fees and attendant costs amounting

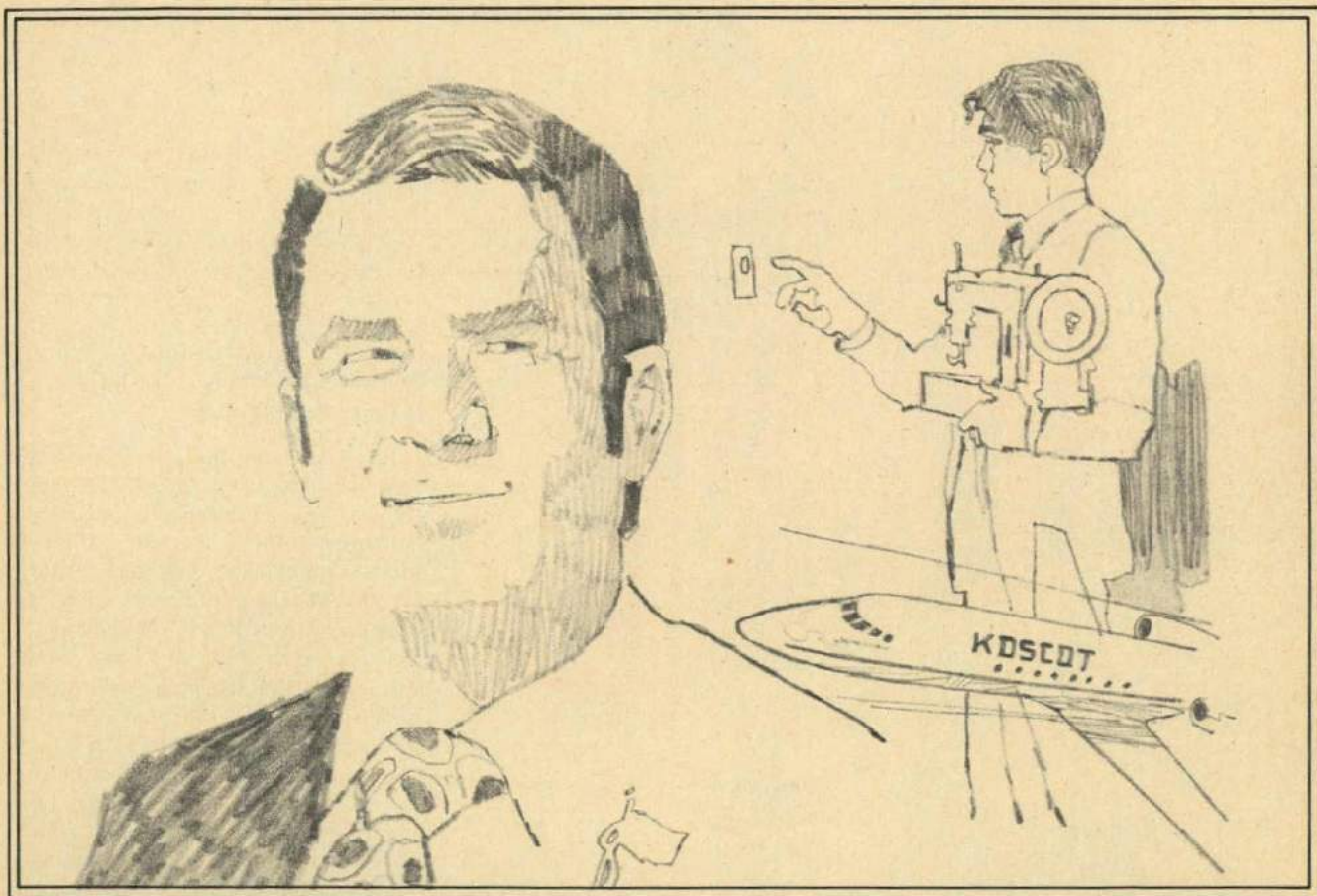
utives in Turner Enterprises, Koscot Interplanetary or Dare To Be Great. Attorney Bailey's case had been severed near the end of the trial and was to be heard later. The deliberations of the jury, whose sometimes hot debate spilled into the courtroom in bitter notes to Judge Gerald Bard Tjoflat, pretty much reflected the confusion in the public's attitude toward Glenn Turner.

Judge Tjoflat declared a mistrial and announced a new trial would begin on August 5.

In his summation to the jury, one of the Government attorneys asked that they "help stop the unstoppable Glenn Turner."

on those who ridiculed him. To compensate for his lack of size and looks, Glenn took up weight-lifting and filled his spare frame with muscles.

The son of a South Carolina sharecropper, who prayed that his harelippped son would find a "good" job in a store or filling station, Glenn wandered through life searching for identity. He joined the U.S. Army Air Corps to escape the drudgery of following a mule on his father's tenant farm. He was quickly appointed captain of the latrine by the sergeant, who sought to hide the harelippped airman from public view. He was discharged when a routine medical examination disclosed a perforated eardrum. It wasn't



to more than \$9,000,000. The still-young entrepreneur, only 39, a man who once owned his own airline company, millions of dollars in homes and properties, a construction company, trucking firm, a fleet of Cadillacs and a magnificent English-style castle, was running out of money. Work on the castle, being built on 40 acres of lakefront property, had to be halted after \$3,000,000 had gone into it.

The trial ended on May 30, 1974, nine months after it began, the longest in Florida's history, with the 12-member jury announcing it could not reach a verdict on any of the charges against Turner and his associates, all executives or former executives

Whether Glenn Turner has been stopped is a matter that only time can determine. He never has been stopped, although many times he was interrupted.

He entered the world with one strike against him, a harelip that made him the butt of childish jokes and pranks until, after pummeling his last offender in the schoolyard of Marion, S.C., Grammar School, he was forced to abandon his education before the wrath of a pursuing principal. His lack of formal learning was another big strike against him. In those early days, before he developed his will of iron, small of build and slight of stature, Glenn Turner was quick to turn

until he entered the Opportunity School, a state-supported institution for disadvantaged children and adults in Columbia, S.C., that he began to develop a positive outlook. He credits this turn-around in attitude to the patience and understanding of Dr. Wil Lu Gray, the school's founder and director, who taught Glenn by example that warmth responds to warmth, that people like those who like them.

Armed with the positivism and optimism pumped into him by Dr. Gray, a bird-like little lady of 70, Glenn once again entered the world outside the protection previously provided him by his

family, the Air Corps and the Opportunity School. Meantime, he had undergone two operations to close the wound left by the birth defect. Now, only a thin line remained and it was only when he spoke that he revealed himself as a harelip.

Unable to find employment in a store or filling station, as his worried father, Hudson, had advised, Glenn chose to follow the unlikeliest route for a person handicapped with a speech defect. He decided to become a salesman. He persuaded the manager of a sewing machine store to hire him.

"But how can I hire a man with a harelip?" said the manager.

"Don't you know anything?" said Turner, then only 20. "Can't you tell the difference between a wound and a harelip? I was wounded in Korea."

He got the job and for three weeks he sold absolutely nothing, rattling helplessly from farm to farm in his father's dilapidated automobile. When he sneaked home to Marion on weekends, fooling nobody with his tales of success, stoking up on the first solid foods he had eaten for days, his father would shake his head sadly and tell Glenn how nice it would be if he could get a job as a store clerk or service station attendant.

Suddenly, though, he became a SALESMAN. His persistence and friendly manner, his liking for people beginning to show through, started to pay off. He talked until people listened long enough to understand him, his speech improving with practice at home or in his car, and women purchased his sewing machines. In a year, he was the hottest sewing machine salesman in North and South Carolina. He spread his sewing machines all the way from the Carolinas to Pennsylvania. He earned as much as \$1,000 a week in commissions. Three times, though, emboldened by his success, he started his own sewing machine companies. Each time he failed, mainly because he was a soft touch for any salesman who needed a job, advancing him living expenses, over-paying in commissions and refusing to repossess a machine when a family down on its luck could no longer meet the monthly payments.

"Each time Glenn went in business for himself," said Charley Elsea, "he called me to go to work for him. If somebody couldn't make the payments, Glenn would pay out of his own pocket. Each time he went broke I was working for him. The last time it happened, he handed me some money as a stake until I connected with another company. A long

time later I found out he had gone to the bank to borrow the money he gave me."

In 1966, Glenn Turner decided to settle down in his home town of Marion with his beautiful, blonde wife, Alice, and three children, Terry, Johnny and Richard. A daughter, Alicia, was to come later. He opened a store on Main Street, Turner Enterprises, specializing in sewing machines and also handling shoes and cloth materials. Charley Elsea, again, was his top salesman. Glenn was set on becoming a pillar of the community. He joined the service clubs and he had even slowed down to the point where he occasionally went golfing with Charley Elsea.

One day he told Charley he had invested \$5,000 in a cosmetics company called Holiday Magic.

"You want to buy me out?" he said.

"Man, how can I buy you out?" said Charley.

"You got a dollar?" said Glenn.

At his own expense, Glenn flew to New York to attend a Holiday Magic training session. He wanted to learn the cosmetics business. He arrived in the middle of the schooling period and soaked up all the information his head could carry in the three days remaining. He worked for Holiday Magic as a recruiting salesman for ten months, earning more than \$200,000 to become the top man in the field.

Early in 1967, Holiday Magic announced policy changes which Turner felt discriminated against lower-echelon sales personnel. He tried without success to present their arguments to company officials. He never got beyond the offices of secretaries. It was then that he decided he would start his own cosmetics company, in which any member of the organization could work his way to the top—a company whose leaders would always be accessible to any of the men and women it employed.

Koscot Interplanetary—kos for cosmetics and cot for communities of tomorrow—was incorporated with offices in Orlando in August, 1967, and thus began a phenomenon never before seen in the United States. Glenn had discovered while connected with Holiday Magic that, harelip, eighth grade education and all, he could stand on a platform and make people listen to him. He roved the skies of America first in a small prop plane and then a Lear jet, carrying a message of hope from one end of the country to the other. He preached the gospel of Free Enterprise. He told his listeners that they could be better than they were—if they weren't searching for something they wouldn't be listening to him—and that there was much more to life than a gold


watch at the retirement end of a long life of labor.

At first, he spoke to meager audiences numbering 20 or less. Then, there were hundreds and finally, near the end, before he was silenced by the gag rule imposed by Judge Tjoflat, he was attracting clamoring, cheering thousands in speeches from Orlando to Rome, Hong Kong and Singapore. He was selling philosophy as much as cosmetics, taking his text from Mark that "all things are possible to him who believes." He had grown to be one of the most electrifying speakers in the world. He was a revivalist who did not preach on the hereafter but on the Here. He was so unacquainted with the word "impossible" that he once asked an associate how to spell it.

His Koscot cosmetics, which featured a mink oil base, were being sold all over the world. Of all the legal attacks on Koscot, challenging its method of setting up distributorships, none of the allegations ever disputed claims that Koscot was putting out some of the finest quality products on the market. Even now, with a Federal tax lien against it and operating under the supervision of a Federal judge, under Chapter 11 of the Bankruptcy Act, Koscot retail sales are going up.

Two years after Glenn organized Koscot, he started a company first called "Dare To Be Big" and then changed to "Dare To Be Great." Initially, the plan was to enroll Koscot personnel in the program so that they would be motivated to become better people and, consequently, better representatives of the Turner organization. Dare To Be Great exploded into a massive undertaking that swiftly grabbed hold of the public's imagination. Dare To Be Great distributors were permitted to recruit other distributors, just as in Koscot, with a quota set by Glenn Turner of one distributor per 7,000 population. The courses taught by Dare To Be Great incorporated all of the great philosophical teachings of the past with a great deal of Glenn Turner thrown in.

The legal pressures on Glenn Turner, and the tremendous draining of his resources, have all but wiped out the Dare To Be Great schools. But the philosophy they taught, and the immense excitement they generated, and the undefeatable spirit of Glenn Turner have kept many of the 400,000 people who once followed his star waiting for the gag rule to be lifted. They are eager to join him in his new crusade, whatever it is.

After all, it's the spirit of Glenn Turner that's unstoppable, and there's nothing on earth that can touch it. 

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at will . . . with a series of simple mental and physical exercises, that take only minutes a day, BUT THAT MAKE YOU "ALL MAN" TO YOUR WOMAN ANYTIME YOU CHOOSE TO DELIGHT HER!

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First, by gaining at last masterful control over the "switch" that connects your brain to your sex organs! So that you tap, at will, your buried love power! Replace sexual insecurity with total self-confidence! Gain instant arousal . . . become every inch the lover Nature meant you to be . . . actually find yourself performing better in bed than you can possibly remember from the very best era of your youth!

And — equally as important —

By deliberately strengthening those "forgotten muscles" that are used only in the act of love, and therefore grow almost useless in the average man after he leaves his twenties! And taking those hidden "support" muscles, and building in a few minutes every day such rock-hard strength into them that you will achieve at last complete mastery of your own virility . . . shown most dramatically in your new-found ability to maintain "staying power" for "unbelievably" long periods of time!

Does it really work? Can such a sexual transformation be achieved in such a short time? Read the DOCUMENTED CASE HISTORIES in this book, and see every shadow of a doubt vanish from your mind!

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Read why 60 and 70-year-olds, who had given themselves up as far as the bedroom was ever concerned

Can a woman teach men Super-Potency? The answer is an overwhelming YES!

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Read these thrilling case histories yourself in Rachael Copelan's revolutionary new book — and read them entirely at our risk! And then take the exact same Potency Techniques that she is teaching for up to \$100 a week in her nationally-famous Sex Clinic in New York City . . . and use them to transform YOUR sex life — today — entirely at our risk!

again, have suddenly found themselves MORE sexually-active . . . MORE sexually-alive . . . MORE sexually-competent than they were at their 30 or 40-year-old peak!

Read how one young man went through his first twenty-some years thinking continually that he was "born to be" a "sexual cripple". And then read how — only a few short months later — one of his girl friends said in a research-interview: "Once a woman has been with a man like Eric, all other men seem second-rate!"

Read of the 70-plus year-old man who now keeps several girl friends busy . . . including one 23-year-old beauty who is perfectly willing to admit to anyone that THIS man is (to use her own words) "terrific" in bed!

And then go on to duplicate these men's transformations with your own! And build a massive virility into your own body with ingenious "training devices" like these . . .

The first step: The simple "Potency-Restoring Ritual" that costs nothing . . . is completely private . . . gives extreme pleasure while you use it . . . and may have your woman gasping in surprise that very same evening!

What to do about "sexual hang-ups"! How to "De-Block your Turn-On Channels" — in minutes!

How to take your "Ecstasy Nerves" out of deep-freeze! In other words, FEEL two, three and four times as much pure sensation from every minute of love . . . at exactly the same time that you have rigid control over every reflex in your body, so you can CONTINUE that sensation as long as YOU wish to continue it!

The safest, and easiest, way to prevent prostate trouble.

How to keep the Youth Juices flowing in your body! In other words, use these simple exercises, not only to make you a master in bed, but also to "Re-Landscape" your face and body so you may have to reject more offers than you accept!

Sexual Breathing! Known by the Yogas, but almost completely forgotten in our day! (One of its many uses — to remove, for good, the false limitation that keeps you now from making brilliant love for hours . . . or, if you so choose, all night!)

Super Circulation! Perhaps the most startling technique of all! How, in essence, to "re-direct" massive blood flow to ANY part of your body, and therefore achieve a solidity and expansion that you may not have dreamed possible before!

But this is still not all! Now this amazing volume goes on to give you ALMOST-HYPNOTIC POWER OVER WOMEN, from the very first moment you meet!

But mastery of your own body is incomplete unless it is combined with mastery of the other person's body (and emotions) as well! So now you are given the final step: How to demand more . . . and more . . . and more from your woman, and make her love every step!

For example:

What women prize in a lover most . . . what they



expect . . . what they fear . . . what turns them on and drives them wild . . . what non-bed actions allow them to trust you completely in bed! All gathered for you, in condensed form, from "shameless" interviews with hundreds of women all over America!

How to thaw out the lady who wears a "psychological chastity belt"! Snap her out of her "sexual shock" for perhaps the first time in her adult life! Turn her on completely, so she'll do with you what she'd never think of doing with anyone else!

How to spot the highly-sexed woman, before you even begin talking to her! (No, she is NOT promiscuous! She saves her abandon for special men. But, once you convince her, this way, that you're that man, then get ready for the greatest night of your life . . . for openers!)

How to let a woman know, without offending her in any way, that you will thrill her in bed, within five minutes after you meet her.

How to prepare a woman for unbridled love! (For example, on page 234 you will find a new method of kissing that may actually send her into spasms of ecstasy before you lay a finger on her body! And wait till you read the pages after that!)

So what you have here is a revolutionary new handbook, not only to massive sexual potency, but to complete mastery in bed! And it's yours to read from cover to cover, entirely at our risk!

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WAYLON JENNINGS

Continued on page 27

show down to Knott's Farm.

JENNINGS: You mean Knott's Berry Farm? John Wayne Theatre? I've been there about 4 times. He should play there. Cash ain't that hot anymore, if you want to know the truth about it. Television didn't do him a whole lot of good—through the end of it. If he'd quit a year before, nothing was done that last winter.

HUSTLER: Do you think he blew it?

JENNINGS: Well I don't know. He was probably under contract. See, on that last year run of the show, it was him singing, every once in a while June singing, and he had the Country Gold section, where he sang one selection out of the past—a big hit in country music. The rest of them were New York night club, or famous acts from a completely different field. And I think the dumbest thing would be to set 'em down there and try to get them and Johnny Cash to sing a duet. He's a stylist man. I mean he sings one way, and that's the way he does it. And I'm that way too, a whole lot. I think that's really the dumbest thing in the world to do duets. Now I'll tell you who got away with it, and did it good—was Glen Campbell. But hell, Glen did shows for years. He did sessions for years. Yeah, he did on some of my records even. He played guitar and sang harmony.

HUSTLER: Do you find that a lot of the Country people kept themselves up in that way?

JENNINGS: You mean in the pill thing. That era is gone. And I'll tell you what: There's not too many of them around if you want to know the truth about it. They quit making them. It's hard to get them, which is good. But the thing is this: There's been dope since the beginning of time, and I think you can read way back in the Bible and find some things. Now as far as the marijuana thing, Nashville is not like New York or L.A. They all sneak off in the office, and light up one. But in Nashville, you have to go completely into a closet—so they're known as "closet smokers". They come out and say, "I don't do it." That's still predominant. I'm talking about over-all.

HUSTLER: Smoking is looked down upon?
JENNINGS: Yeah, they will look down on you.

HUSTLER: The fines and sentences are heavier?

JENNINGS: No. But they'll remind you that Jesus is gonna get you for it, though. I mean, I'm talking about people in general. It's still a taboo thing, it's dope. And

as far as pills are concerned, you just mention pills, and everybody just jumps back and runs in Nashville. There's not that many into pills, mostly musicians on the sessions use them, because they do 3 or 4 sessions a day.

HUSTLER: Amphetamines, benzedrines?

JENNINGS: Yeah.

HUSTLER: Speed?

JENNINGS: You have to talk to each individual, I don't even know. I don't know what speed is, I don't know one pill from another and I didn't when I was taking them. I knew Carter's and that's about it. They had names for them like LA Turn-arounds and Phoenix Flashes.

HUSTLER: Oh really? What are they?

JENNINGS: Well the ones that I used to take all the time when I came to town, came from Phoenix. And they're also known as pancakes. That's about the only ones I know, except the old yellers and white crosses.

HUSTLER: What about purple hearts and blackbirds?

JENNINGS: Purple hearts? Now wait a minute, hold on. What's a blackbird?—Do they make you crow, ha, ha, ha. The whole thing is this—you don't see that much of it out. I imagine it is now that they see what it's done to some, but still there's plenty that do take them. Nashville created that and the people condemned the people who did it. Like the agencies and what have you. They put them on the road and you had to stay on the road to even survive. Some of your bookings were 800 miles apart. You're in a station wagon, or a trailer, packed in there. I'll tell you what you'll take something, man, if it's a button!

HUSTLER: That goes back to the trucking thing?

JENNINGS: You bet. I'll tell you—it's staying awake, staying up enough to get on. Like one trucker said 'I'd rather meet a man who's just taken a pill than one who needs a pill . . .

HUSTLER: How do you go about interpreting a song?—somebody else's lyrics?

JENNINGS: Here's the whole thing—if I can relate to it, then it's my song, it's my story. That's the whole bit right there. It's because I am an individual in the way I do things, and that includes lifestyle. Even to my walking. One guy says that I walk on stage like I lost my mule. You understand what I mean?

HUSTLER: You take somebody's song and you change the timing and the beat altogether.

HUSTLER: See, that's bringin' it home to me. I feel more comfortable that way. And sometimes I do it because maybe the song is worth cutting it the other way.

Mainly I do it to get the feeling. If I can feel it, I can do it.

HUSTLER: Some people call you a song doctor.

JENNINGS: Yeah. If a song turns me on, if an idea turns me on and I'm seldom wrong, I usually know what it should be. I am pretty good at that sometimes. I've had pretty good luck—let's put it that way.

HUSTLER: A lot of people say you would be #1 now, if you wrote more and sang more originals.

JENNINGS: If I wrote more of my own? Yeah I should. You know that's another thing. I used to write a lot and I've had 3 years in cars and station wagons, long ways apart . . . the road can kill you.

HUSTLER: That's what turned you off writing?

JENNINGS: Yeah. I quit writing. I went through a period of—just writing songs naturally. Then I got to taking pills and gettin' high, and would write songs, and some of them were good; some of them were ridiculous, that nobody ever saw. You know, the babbling of an idiot. Some of them were good songs. Pretty soon, you get to thinkin' you need that 'up' for inspiration. But while I was still taking pills, I would catch myself completely stopped right in the middle, with a mental block. Now I'm gettin' back more into the writing. I don't know if I'll ever be a productive writer or not. I used to write a lot more, but now I'm more into writing what I need right now. If it comes, it comes. I ain't gonna force nothin'!

HUSTLER: What do you use for inspiration?

JENNINGS: It comes to me . . . maybe I'll see something, or hear something, or say something—a quick quote or a quick reaction or something.

HUSTLER: How do you regard your current popularity?

JENNINGS: I'm enjoying the people diggin' what I'm doing. I don't read too much of my own publicity. I mean, I may read it but I don't sit and memorize it, believe it and try to live it. I'll tell you exactly how it is. I feel good now and it's a good feeling when people look at you and they say, "You're doing something good, that will live." Instead of saying, "What are you doin'?" Are you crazy? When are you gonna quit doing that. That's not right. It may be you, but it isn't right. You do what we tell you. You should be doing that. You should be doing what you're told, because you ain't got sense enough to do your own thing." In general, when you come to Nashville it's, "Hello good ol' country boy. Don't you worry about a thing. We love you, and we'll take care of you. You just come in here, and sing

your song. We'll find it for you, and you sing it. We got some good guitar players. Just don't worry about anything. We'll take care of everything. Do what you're told. New ideas? OK you can have an idea, but don't get to believing that that's the end result." I learned so much from Chet Atkins because Chet was a great gentleman and he liked it when I came up with ideas—my own ideas.

HUSTLER: Did you gain a lot of enemies by doing that?

JENNINGS: There's a lot of people who say that I hurt the music industry; because the old legends, people who had control of the industry and control of Nashville, don't control it anymore. As far as the new breed, they don't want control of it. All I ever fought for was control of myself. My own destiny, my music and my personal pride.

HUSTLER: As a former DJ, how do you see the changes in radio?

JENNINGS: I think, like I said earlier, a lot of people are getting into our thing. The one thing that I believe I did was I went in and I said, "If you got a good song, if it's a hit song, I don't care—it's going in an album." The feel of the music is just as important as the feel of the singer, in order to get the lyrics across. That's what emphasizes it, pushes it across, is the feeling. I think this last album especially, I've heard it on all kinds of stations and it does fit.

HUSTLER: Are the stations opening up more now?

JENNINGS: They are opening up, yes. It's because of several things, but it's pretty hip to be country now . . . all the way around. The people in the world would put all their faith in the well-dressed, well-educated city slicker. "He's an educated man, he won't make a fool of me. You can trust him." That's really the way it was—the city slicker and the country boy. But it's kind of in reverse now, because the city slicker's in a lot of trouble trying to explain what he did with everything, and why he did it, and why he's a thief, why he was a liar. But the country boy has been the same ol' boy, that's said the same ol' thing, with the same ol' voice, and a pretty strong character. The people can reach up and touch that and say, "That was real then and it is real now. This is the stuff that's mine, and I don't have to put on no airs to sit around and listen to it, or be ashamed of it."

HUSTLER: What were your major musical influences?

JENNINGS: I like all kinds of music. I guess my major influences were Ernest Tubb, Hank Williams, Chuck Berry, Jr. . . . that was a black dude that I knew

when I was real young.

HUSTLER: Not the Chuck Berry?

JENNINGS: No. Anyway this guy called himself Chuck Berry, Jr. He did the blues.

HUSTLER: Chuck Berry said that a lot of the R & B influences came from the hills.

JENNINGS: I'll back it up. Most of the hill country's music came from R & B, and most of the country music came from R & B. 'Cause it's the same man, singin' the same song, about the same people, the same love losses, and good and bad times, right? If you're living in a shack in the hills, or in the ghetto, you're still in pain. That's what they call "down" right? The whole world's working now trying to *git* down to be country, right?

HUSTLER: You were one of the first to record a Kris Kristofferson tune.

JENNINGS: Record him or a song of his? I wanted to cut a lot of his songs, and they just didn't think it would be good for me, so I couldn't do it. But I cut one of his first songs, *No One's Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone*.

HUSTLER: How did that relationship come about?

JENNINGS: He liked me. He's really been on my side, and has really been a booster, a fan, and a friend, all the way down the line. I cut up with Kris, and have a lot of fun with him and everything, but I have a lot of respect for him. And I'd be there in a minute, any time he needed me.

HUSTLER: Is there a competitive thing between you two?

JENNINGS: I don't compete with nobody. I'm competin' with myself—my last effort musically. That's about the only way I can tell it. But if you say, "Well, I'm competin' with somebody." You admit defeat. No, look at it. You say, "OK I'm in competition with him." You're saying, "That's something ahead of me." Hey, if he had 92 number 1 hits I'd dig it, because he'd deserve it. Of course I'd probably whup him in another week. Hey! If it's good, I dig it. I ain't into being jealous. Yeah, he's done some things that knocked me out. He still don't think he can sing. He ain't got the greatest voice in the world, but you know what? There ain't nobody sings as bad as Bob Dylan. Kris is sincere. He came there with a bare haircut, and worked in a recording studio cleaning ashtrays. He paid his dues man, all the way. He loved his music, and he wrote me a lot of good songs that I couldn't get into. I couldn't do anything for him in the early days. I get tickled and thrilled every time he gets something new and good. He was one they said would never make it. Everybody said he wouldn't make it. There was one thing and he al-

most didn't, he hung with a lot of losers for a long time. But I like Kris. I really do. I respect him.

HUSTLER: What about Merle Haggard?

JENNINGS: Haggard's alright. I like Haggard. He's not a close friend. The only thing I can say about Haggard is he's one of the greatest songwriters we've had. Singing wise, I'd rather hear Lefty Frizzell, 'cause Lefty was his hero. I can't get into the thing of somebody using somebody else's style.

HUSTLER: Do you think he was trying to capitalize on the prison thing? Cash used that.

JENNINGS: Cash was in jail overnight one time.

HUSTLER: Wasn't Haggard in for a while though?

JENNINGS: I'll try to be honest with you, I don't know whether he was or not. But I think everybody's in jail basically, and puts himself there. Anyway, Merle Haggard's mind is in a different place from mine. I like him. We meet, shake hands, say hi, and go away.

HUSTLER: Is he more conservative?

JENNINGS: He's one of three things—conservative, rude, or just quiet.

HUSTLER: What's your relationship with Willie Nelson?

JENNINGS: Willie who? Willie and me been out the last couple nights together.

HUSTLER: You had a picking party?

JENNINGS: Willie and me are really close friends, and I'm so proud to see him makin' it down here. See, this has been his personal little project that he's cultivated right along. This is not a big thing, but it is a definite thing, and the world recognizes it. This is where it started. I guess it was one of the first places where you could look out at a whole ocean of long-hairs diggin' on country music. Blacks, chicanos—whatever you want to call them, Mexicans—they all get together and boogie together and have a good time. Everybody forgot to ask what kind of music it was. They just said, "Who's there?" I played a place called the Texas Opry House. We had a packed house both nights. It's really an enthusiastic crowd, and when Willie walked on stage, it was like the Governor. I introduced him, and me and him did some things together. They really love him down here. I think they can relate to him so much, because Willie and I both are bucking the system.

HUSTLER: What was the effect of Elvis and early rock on Waylon Jennings?

JENNINGS: I liked his stuff! And you know what? I still think that country, old slappin' bass is a good commercial sound. I'm gonna use that sometime.

HUSTLER: He has a high respect for you.

JENNINGS: And I have a very high respect for him. I've met him several times. Elvis is a good person, and I just don't see how he's that normal, that humble and unassuming. He's a pretty *damn* good ol' boy, you know, after what he's gone through. And another thing, ol' Elvis will probably cool it for a while, then maybe there'll be another Tom Jones come along and tear the world up; and he'll do another tour, and show 'em there ain't no one gonna hold it but him! Well, I don't have to tell you that, but history will never forget that. Elvis is there forever!

HUSTLER: What do you think of Alice Cooper, David Bowie, Lou Reed, and glitter rock? Do you know who these people are?

JENNINGS: Yeah I know who they are. I ain't really into it.

HUSTLER: Alice Cooper puts his head in a guillotine and plays with snakes.

JENNINGS: Puts his head in a guillotine? Oh I didn't know that. Well he was weird in Phoenix. He's got his own thing going. I wouldn't put down his music or where he's at but I'll whup his ass if he brings one of them snakes around me. I don't try to analyze those people because they're successful. He's an artist. I consider him a sensationalist.

HUSTLER: He grossed \$6 million last tour.

JENNINGS: Yeah, money's important, but I'll tell you what—the day I'd paint my face up like that, they'd have to give me about that much. But that's his thing.

HUSTLER: Some of these guys are even wearing dresses and high heels.

JENNINGS: Well the way I feel is that there are people who dig that. Like The New York Dolls? It ain't hard to determine that they ain't girls. But if they were they're the ugliest girls I ever seen. Actually, I've met some of these people. They'd be staying at the same hotel we're in, and they've showed me respect for where I'm at, and I'll show respect for where they're at. I ain't gonna put them down, because you know what? I ain't there. I ain't walkin' in that man's shoes, right?

HUSTLER: Yeah, because they're heels are too high. Is it true you're also interested in several Indian movements?

JENNINGS: I dig Indian people.

HUSTLER: What's your relationship with the Navahos?

JENNINGS: They like my music, and I like to play for them; for Father Dunstan who's the head of the Southwest Indian Foundation. We work for him and he sees to it that the money goes to them.

HUSTLER: It's mostly all benefits?

JENNINGS: Yeah, we work on a percen-

tage with them. They're good people. They come out on quick notice advertising, through the snow, 'cause they dig what we do.

HUSTLER: How did this rapport begin?

JENNINGS: Slowly.

HUSTLER: Are you part Indian?

JENNINGS: Right. Comanche & Cherokee. Actually it was a slow building thing. They started calling me Mr. Jennings, then they called me Waylon Jennings, and then they said, "Hey Waylon!"

HUSTLER: Do they understand the songs?

JENNINGS: Oh sure. Hey, they speak English, most of them. They're very intelligent people, as I found most of the people. They're very shy and they don't applaud, but they give you the highest compliment . . . no matter when it is, they come out and they stand and watch you and listen, and they smile. They all look at each other, and they nod when they like something. It's just their way. And if you've got any feelings, you can look at them and tell, if you're in or you're out—if they're diggin' or they're not diggin' what you're doing.

HUSTLER: Are you into the Indians on a political level?

JENNINGS: Well, it's a poor plight that the Indians are in now. They've had a hard time from the beginning, because they've been done wrong, basically, all the way. I think there's a movement this way—takin' a lot of the white man's laws, and beatin' him to death with them. If I can do something to help them, I'm smart enough to know the laws, I won't see them mistreated. They know that the Governors, and the tribe's councilmen are gettin' it together. It's all going to come around.

HUSTLER: You live in Tennessee now, right?

JENNINGS: Yes. I have an old house. It's an old house in perfect condition. It's in South Nashville, in the old district. This house is one of the greatest things in the whole world I ever saw. It's got the old windows in it, the old brick type thing, and a tree that has to be—I don't know how old. It's just a beautiful house, that's all I can say. When you go in, you can feel it.

HUSTLER: Do you own any land?

JENNINGS: No. I'm not going to build a house until I can build exactly what I want.

HUSTLER: I heard you're into pinball machines?

JENNINGS: Oh I play them every once in a while.

HUSTLER: Do you have your own?

JENNINGS: No. The money we've spent

on those pinball machines, Tompall Glaser and I, it ain't ours. And there are people who have done business with us who have paid for those little games that we play, over and over again. Just before a 1 hour set, down at the pinball machines, we sit and discuss business—problems—deals—and we ain't paid for a game in a long time.

HUSTLER: People just keep putting the dime in?

JENNINGS: Yeah.

HUSTLER: Do you go hunting or fishing much?

JENNINGS: No, I'm not into that either. I'm not into killing anything.

HUSTLER: What are your feelings about going on the screen? T.V. or movies?

JENNINGS: If I'd get a good script, I'd do it. And I'd like to. I ain't into bit parts or leads in third class movies.

HUSTLER: Didn't Peckinpah want you for Pat Garrett?

JENNINGS: I guess he was the one. We talked about it.

HUSTLER: It wasn't right for you?

JENNINGS: No. It's because they didn't know the story. They said that they had the true story of Pat Garrett; and Billy the Kid is misunderstood. They're full of shit, because he was an idiot, that got attention by killing somebody. It caused excitement, and everybody talkin' his name. You could do it—take a kid that was a half-wit or something and let him kill somebody—you could do it right now. Call it Billy the Kid a hundred years from now.

HUSTLER: You did a movie score for Ned Kelly, didn't you?

JENNINGS: Yeah.

HUSTLER: How did that come about?

JENNINGS: Shel Silverstein, one of the best friends I've ever had and still have, was responsible.

HUSTLER: Did you meet Mick Jagger?

JENNINGS: No, I haven't met him yet.

HUSTLER: What do you think of the Rolling Stones?

JENNINGS: They're a gas!

HUSTLER: Jagger played the lead role as Ned Kelly, what did you think of it?

JENNINGS: I never have seen it. You know, he's a skinny English kid.

HUSTLER: What did you think of Don McLean's *By By American Pie*?

JENNINGS: I think it was great. I think it's a masterpiece, I really do.

HUSTLER: McLean loved Holly just about the same as you did. "That's the day the music died."

JENNINGS: That's true though. Sure it's the truth! Didn't you remember that! Trace back. You can go back and check the books at any record company. There
Continued on page 83

RECORDS

Continued from page 20

Existence Is?: "Birth and death, full circle and another incarnation/Life is so sweet and on so neat, the greatest of temptations/Is your world so empty that want off this cosmic wheel?" Eventually, Manzarek's solution to the whole cosmic warp and woof is to, "Take it as it comes, watch your TV set/Smoke a cigarette, give your mind a rest/Eat a good meal, cop a little feel/Plant a little tree, good god you're free." All delivered deadpan, yet. Like *Zardoz*, which delivers similar pseudo-philosophical rumination, all of this would probably have been better digested in the late Sixties, when stomachs were stronger and more naive. The music on *Golden Scarab*, fortunately, is fine enough to warrant your attention; and our advice to Ray Manzarek is to stop writing lyrics and concentrate further on his bountiful instrumental skills.

To get closer to a more truly timeless, cosmic musical feeling, we have to look to musicians whose business it is to stretch conventional sonic boundaries well past what they were even yesterday. One such group of searchers is Germany's Tangerine Dream, out with their first U.S. release on Virgin Records, *Phaedra*. It's electronic environmental music, background sound for the 21st Century. The compositions reflect a quiet, meditative, oceanic consciousness. It's mixed at a low level, but hypnotically seductive. All in all, an LP of more than music that Pink Floyd fans will recognize as the next step on the road to future-pop.

Yet another band, more rhythmically driving but no less advanced and exploratory than Tangerine Dream, is America's own Weather Report, creators of *Mysterious Traveller* (Columbia). This album, their most recent, is also their most stylistically diverse and mature. It combines the free floating ethereal forms of their first album, the electronic skill of *I Sing the Body Electric*, their second, and the outright space-funk of the third album, *Sweetnighter*. Saxophonist Wayne Shorter and keyboardist Joe Zawinul form the backbone of Weather Report: their compositions chart a space of galactic proportions in which musicians can move freely but with a total presence of disciplined form. Just a slight step closer to planet Earth is the music of Brazilian composer-percussionist Airtó Morreira, a fundamental influence on the rhythms of most of today's fusion musicians. Airtó's latest, *Virgin Land* (Salvation), is really carnival music for mutants. New star guitarist David Amaro will be a name to reckon with in the future, as will bassist Alex Blake. The LP is produced by drummer-composer Billy Cobham, who brings along from his band Milcho Leviev, a Bulgarian keyboardist who adds yet another off-the-wall ethnic influence to this peculiar melting pot. The overall feeling, though, is Brazilian electric, churning, boiling samba-rock that doesn't bear much resemblance to Sergio Mendes or Astrud Gilberto.

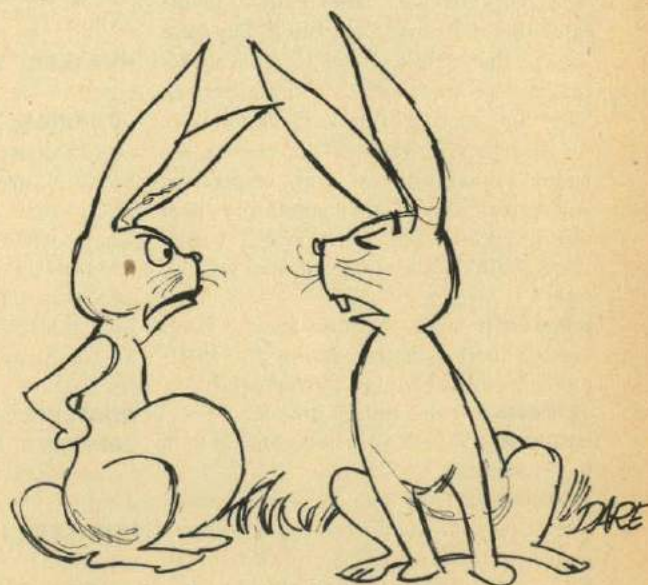
Airtó has a rare gift. He's able to combine a beautifully, almost poignantly simple melodic sense with complex rhythms created by an amazing array of native percussion instruments. His bag of percussive tricks not only drives the music, but adds color, resonance, and even harmonic depth on occasion. To put it another way, Airtó's *Virgin Land* is a total, organic, contemporary boogie.

And while we're on the subject of music organically grown, the parts of which form a sum greater than the individual elements, check out the music of *Lookout Farm* (ECM), created by former Miles Davis saxophonist Dave Liebman, the quartet is rounded out by pianist Richard Beirach, bassist Frank Tusa, and

drummer Jeff Williams. They're all long-time friends, as are the great supplementary musicians on hand to help out on this album, like guitarist John Abercrombie and an international cornucopia of percussionists. Less electronically inclined than Weather Report or even Airtó, Lookout Farm nonetheless shares the same fondness for stylistic variety, shifting rhythms, and melodic grace and beauty. Though the compositions are under Liebman's name, the listener can't help but get the strong feeling that the entire band is the real composer, developing a deep, richly orchestrated sound for only four pieces. Especially noteworthy are the Spanish moods of *Pablo's Story* (for Picasso), which also carries beautiful overtones of Jewish music, and the Coltrane-like avant garde energies of the side-long title composition. It's on this last piece that the manifold gifts of Lookout Farm become most evident—as individual new talents and, more importantly, as an exciting new group which, given the right set of breaks in the commercial world, could become the Seventies' answer to the Modern Jazz Quarter.

To put your feet finally back solidly on terra firma, give a listen to three solo LPs from members of two of rock's long-established bands. *Monkey Grip* (Rolling Stones) by bassist Bill Wyman of the Rolling Stones is a comfortably rocking, easily rolling album, not incredibly distinguished, but very easy to live with. Oddly enough, considering the Stones' big, bad, super-evil reputation, Wyman's is a downright friendly record. It's a down-home conglomeration of soul, blues, funk, and even a touch of bluegrass here and there. Bill gets solid support from the likes of Leon Russell, Dallas Taylor, Dr. John, and Betty Wright, as well as a cookin' New Orleans horn section. But don't look for any of the Stones here; this is Bill's own rock-and-roll boogie, and he didn't want any of 'em along. *Monkey Grip* does just fine, nonetheless.

The Grateful Dead have come up with two spinoff solo discs on Round Records, an independent label. Dead lyricist Robert Hunter sings for the first time on this *Tales of the Great Rum Runners*, and the guru himself, Jerry Garcia runs through some non-origional favorites, *Complements of Garcia*. Both are highly recommended, and make for a great evening's relaxing, laid-back entertainment in classic San Francisco fashion.



"You picked on the wrong one this time,
Baby—I happen to be gay"

MAGIC

Continued from page 32

But dreaming is behind Jackson now. Wonders far beyond his dreams began at that red light.

Jackson pulled 'up to the intersection exhausted from the day. His eyes felt like the boiler itself was inside of them, and all he could think about was getting into a cold shower and washing out each eye for an hour or two.

The red light wouldn't change. The longer he stared at the fucking thing and the hotter he got, the redder it turned. Jackson finally pounded his fists on the dash and started stomping the footboard with his feet in frustration. He closed his eyes to try to clean the heat out of them, and when he opened them the light had change. He floored it through the intersection and the rest of the mile home.

After his twenty minute shower he banged the beer and pans so much while cooking his chicken that the old man landlord wobbled halfway down the stairs. "Boy," he screeched, "hush up that noise. You like to kill an old man?"

That was the first time, and to this day Jackson swears the light turned *bright green*.

At the time he didn't know anything had happened, and a couple of weeks later it happened again, at the laundromat, and he still didn't realize. That time he had put all of his clothes from three machines in a big dryer and put in a dime to start it up. When nothing happened, Jackson got pissed and hit the coin return—which also wasn't working—then stomped the floor next to it to jolt his money back, but it never came. It wasn't until he turned around to walk off that the machine started up and ran three times as long as it's supposed to on the dime.

He'd have *never* known if it weren't for the day he went to the doctor about his cough getting worse and right in the office had the most awful spell he'd every gone through.

He was waiting for the doctor when it got worse and worse, and he watched himself in the big mirror, bent over, turning nearly green from practically puking up the coughs. It seemed like an age without the doctor and his choking and anger increased. After awhile he grew so desperate that he started jumping up and down to shake it out of himself, hitting the mirror with his fists and screaming.

Instantly the cough died down.

A minute later, when the doctor ar-

rived, his cough was completely gone. He convinced the man to give him some stronger medicine anyhow, but he never had to take any of it. Jackson's lifelong cough vanished forever.

During the next couple of weeks he kept thinking about it, deciding it was some sort of miracle. He wondered what he'd done to make it disappear. Had he changed his diet? Had he removed something he was allergic to?

But there was no logical change for him to find.

Then suddenly, on his way to work one morning, everything started to connect, from the stoplight to the laundromat to the doctor's office, and Jackson decided to test it out.

By the time he got into the plant, though, he was ashamed of himself for coming to such a ridiculous conclusion, and he tried to forget about it. But by afternoon it was plaguing him; all of those incidents couldn't have been by chance. He just had to experiment.

Embarrassed, he went into a stall in the head and locked the door. He unzipped his pants to make the other guys think he was taking a shit. Instead he just stood there, closed his eyes and carefully tightened and shook his fists while quietly tapping his feet on the floor. He did this for a full three minutes, then zipped his pants and went back to his boiler.

Immediately he realized that he'd not even tried it in connection with anything, like to get rid of a cough or to make a red light change.

But sure enough an hour later, Pete, on the machine next to him, came over and said he and his wife had been meaning to invite Jackson to dinner, would he come that night? Jackson had just been thinking that he was out of food at his apartment and didn't feel like shopping.

The next day he figured out exactly what to do with it. That afternoon Jackson rushed home from the plant, weaving in and out of the traffic jams better than any pro cabbie, and changed into his favorite clean sport shirt and a new pair of slacks. Then Jackson got back in the car and rode around town real slowly through the neighborhoods.

He passed some of the fanciest ladies you've ever seen, each one wealthier than the last, going in big houses or coming out of new office buildings.

Finally, after he'd made a circle and ended up on a side street not far from his own house, Jackson located the most beautiful female ever: a pair of 40's under one of those new knit sweaters; long, *pure* blonde hair; shades; and some sort of mini on hips that never end. Twenty-two years old he would guess. He watched

her all the way around the corner, almost ran into the One Way sign, but did manage to pick her up. She never knew that he was clench fisting and foot stomping the whole goddamn time.

When he got home it took about five minutes to pour the gin and get undressed and into bed. Before he finished his first two sips she was on him, licking and bouncing up and down. It must have gone on for four or five hours, and the last time she came so hard he thought her tits would explode.

This lasted for weeks. Jackson would drive through town—sometimes into the Indiana countryside, too, for a change—and pick the most beautiful young chick in the *world* that day. Some played foxy with him, just laying there with that "come one, the weather's fine" look without moving, but most couldn't get it on fast enough and were on him within a minute.

Jackson's whole life was better now that he had the evenings to look forward to. On the nights he didn't feel like scouting around he sat on the porch with some wine and thought about what had happened the night before.

The only thing he regretted after awhile was that he had only two sport shirts to wear for his women. But he had to keep his paychecks the next weeks to pay for some parts for the car.

That Friday, though, he decided to see if he couldn't do some clench fisting and foot stomping for this too. He punched out and took his pay envelope from the slot, ripping it open as he ran for the car and making sure that it included the two hours of overtime. He turned down a couple of offers for bars and sped to the drive-in bank.

When he got there the line was as long as any Friday. Jackson turned on the radio to get his mind off having to wait forty-five minutes to see if his plan would work.

When he finally got to the TV screen he had the timing all arranged in his mind. He put his check in the slot and waited for the teller to bend over and take out his cash. When she was out of the picture he smoothly and rapidly clenched and stomped. As soon as he did it the girl was back on the screen, and he swore she had seen him. Jackson took the money, stuffed it in his shirt pocket, and rushed home. He didn't look until he was inside the house, and sure enough there was an extra \$10.

Which brings us to last week.

Jackson, not being an especially careful thinker, had to make his most important discovery by accident. His long nights with his women had taken their toll, and Monday morning he was exhausted at work. Jackson was daydreaming when suddenly

he felt the rush of heat and heard the machine getting louder. He snapped out of it in time to see the temperature needle starting to move.

Instinctively, Jackson lunged for the knobs, but before he reached them something made him lose control of his hand and for the life of him he couldn't move it to turn the knob. He stood by the boiler watching the thermostat register in the red zone and panicked that at any second it would blow up in his face. But he couldn't get his sweating hand to obey and reach the knob.

Jackson felt himself fading out, about to fall over, and before he knew it he was seeing white and his foot started tapping while his fists clenched of their own will. Immediately someone was rubbing salts on his nose and he felt himself waking up. He looked at the boiler. The temp needle was in the normal location again, and he let out a little smile that the five guys standing above him took to be a thank-you gesture to themselves for reviving him.

Ever since Monday Jackson has clenched his fist and stomped his foot immediately upon arriving at the boiler each morning, and for the rest of the day he's not had to worry about the machine. Without exception, it has taken care of itself.

Each time it gets hotter at first, sometimes so hot that the "overload" light comes on, and Jackson covers with sweat and debates with himself about turning the control knob before it's too late. But after a few minutes it invariably returns to normal without him touching it.

By yesterday afternoon, though, his shift started to feel much longer than it had when he was doing his regular work. Without anything to do for the boiler, he grew bored and found himself turning around every 15 minutes to look at the clock and shift the weight on his feet.

After awhile he got to watching the new young guy on the boiler across the way. Baker, the foreman, was teaching him to run the machine, and the skinny kid would jump back six feet every time a spark let loose. Then as soon as Baker walked off the boy got out his big Afro comb and stuck it in his hair, only to have to take it out again on Baker's orders ten minutes later.

Jackson must have watched this training sequence a half dozen times, laughing harder each time, until he got an idea. What if the kid kept doing that *all day*? He was a dumb kid, but probably not naturally that stupid. The foreman would really start yelling, and it would be funny as hell.

Jackson decided to give it a try and quietly clenched and stomped. At first the kid kept his comb in his pocket, but sure enough after five minutes it was back in his hair. Later the machine was on overload and Baker had to come show the kid what to do. While showing him he noticed the comb. "Damn it, boy, I *told* you about that fucking comb," Baker yelled. The kid jumped about a foot from fear of being hit, and the comb was in his pocket again.

It couldn't have been more than another ten minutes before the kid scorched his hair on the machine, and out came the comb again, and the foreman too. This time he knocked it out of the kid's scalp and halfway across the plant.

Soon Jackson was bored with this routine, and his mind began to wander again. He looked around at the other guys as they worked. He'd never really looked at any of them, being occupied with his own job, and he was surprised to notice their faces. Most were dazed and mechanically going through the motions of their work. He began to imagine their faces as smiling, though; as clean and smiling.

It hit him immediately that if he could learn it, so could they. They could all learn clench-stomping, and none of them would have to do a goddamned thing all day! Baker would walk around with nobody really working, but he would think they were working. And he'd be happy, because the machines would run better than ever, cutting down on the number of times Baker would have to ask *his* boss for more repair funds.

The guys might even teach Baker some clench-stomping himself so he wouldn't make them come in at all. Or a different bunch of guys could take off every other day, so each man would have a two or three day week, but there would still be enough at the plant daily in case someone from upstairs came checking. In fact, a man could come in for Baker sometimes and let *him* stay home. On the days he wasn't there they could turn the place into a huge poker game while the machines

kept themselves up and everything ran better than ever. They could even play tricks on the big cats in the offices, on Baker's bosses, and make their secretaries sick or refuse to screw them. Looking at the other guys' faces, he just knew he could teach them!

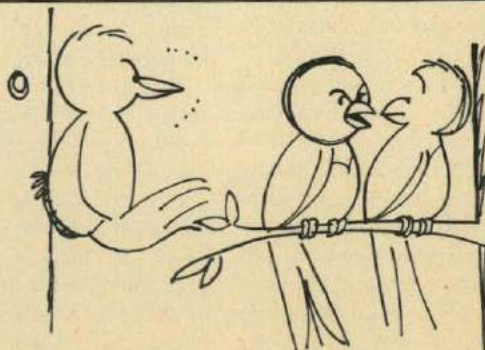
The next thing Jackson remembered he was being driven in a company station wagon and was on his back. Someone sat beside him talking about calming down, and Jackson tried desperately to think about what was going on, to put it together. He thought he must be asleep at home and jumped up to wake himself. The man grabbed his shoulders and pushed him back down. "Hey, buddy, take it easy. It can't be that bad," the man was saying. Jackson decided he must be hurt and tried to look himself over. What he could see of himself was fine, and he could move his arms and legs.

The man holding him down was wearing a tie, and he was big. Jackson asked him where they were going and noticed his throat extremely dry when he tried to talk. "We'll be at the hospital in just a minute," the man said. It made Jackson panic again, because he couldn't figure out what had happened to him, if they had put something in him to make him not feel the pain.

They stopped at an intersection and Jackson started shaking with fear. He was afraid of losing blood or dying, and he wanted to yell at the driver to hurry and get help. Then he heard the man tell the driver, "When we arrive ask for the psychiatrist on duty."

Jackson turned on his side and pressed his face against the window. The station wagon had stopped at an intersection. There were a couple of kids about four or five years old skipping across the street carefree of the traffic they were holding up and of all the horns honking.

Jackson studied the kids. At first he thought they were doing some kind of dance with their fists in the air.



"Watch out for that guy. Wood isn't the only thing he likes to get his pecker into."

WAYLON JENNINGS

Continued from page 79

wasn't nobody happening after that at all. That's when it all came down one way. They had a few little sour singers here and there. But there was no more of that stuff, as far as everybody going wild over them.

HUSTLER: Did you ever meet him?

JENNINGS: McLean? Yeah.

HUSTLER: What did you think?

JENNINGS: He's a good old boy.

HUSTLER: You said, "If I was everything that people make me out to be, I'd be dead long ago." What did you mean by that?

JENNINGS: I've heard more stories on myself. I've even sat around and listened to somebody tell a story about me and they didn't even know I was sitting there. It used to bother me sometimes, but now . . . I almost decided to collect them and put them in a book and put it out. A lot of people take a cool story, maybe something that happened kind of funny, and make it really wild. They've had me doing just about everything. I guess it's because I've never been one to hide anything. It's not that I'm such a big bad ass or anything like that; but if I think I'm right,

I'll be there til morning comes, defending it.

HUSTLER: That's what Davy Crockett said.

JENNINGS: Is that what he said? The whole thing is that there's a lot of stories going around, and what I've really done nobody really knows. That's what's funny. That was what really was fun.

HUSTLER: What's something you can tell me, that nobody else knows?

JENNINGS: Nothin'. That's why I don't tell it—I ain't the kind that does, and goes and tells. No, I'm teasing you, but I'm not one to go around bragging about too much you know. I just like to live. People are going to figure out—no matter what you tell them, "I'm a superstar!" Look at him, he's drunk, he's an alcoholic, which is right. It's in the minds of the people, whatever they think you are, whatever they project.

HUSTLER: What's the definition of hoss?

JENNINGS: A twelve inch—no wait a minute, I'm being silly there. Hoss is a Swedish word meaning, old friend. Another thing, it's a country expression. When he's a hoss, that means he's a hell of a man. A hoss is . . . that's pretty strong, right?

HUSTLER: They say you're the last of the macho cowboys. What do you think of that?

JENNINGS: I don't know. Like I say, if they mean it nice—thank you—and if they don't, I don't know what to tell them. I don't pay no attention. What I'm trying to tell you is, I don't go for those titles too much, and sometimes I think some of these things are kind of humorous, you know like the macho thing. I had to ask somebody what the hell macho meant. It's short for mash . . . whatever you call it, masgist . . .

HUSTLER: Masochistic?

JENNINGS: Yeah, I ain't into that hoss! Let me tell you for sure! I guess a macho means like a . . . you're a . . . a mental master or something like that?


HUSTLER: Sometimes people make those things up.

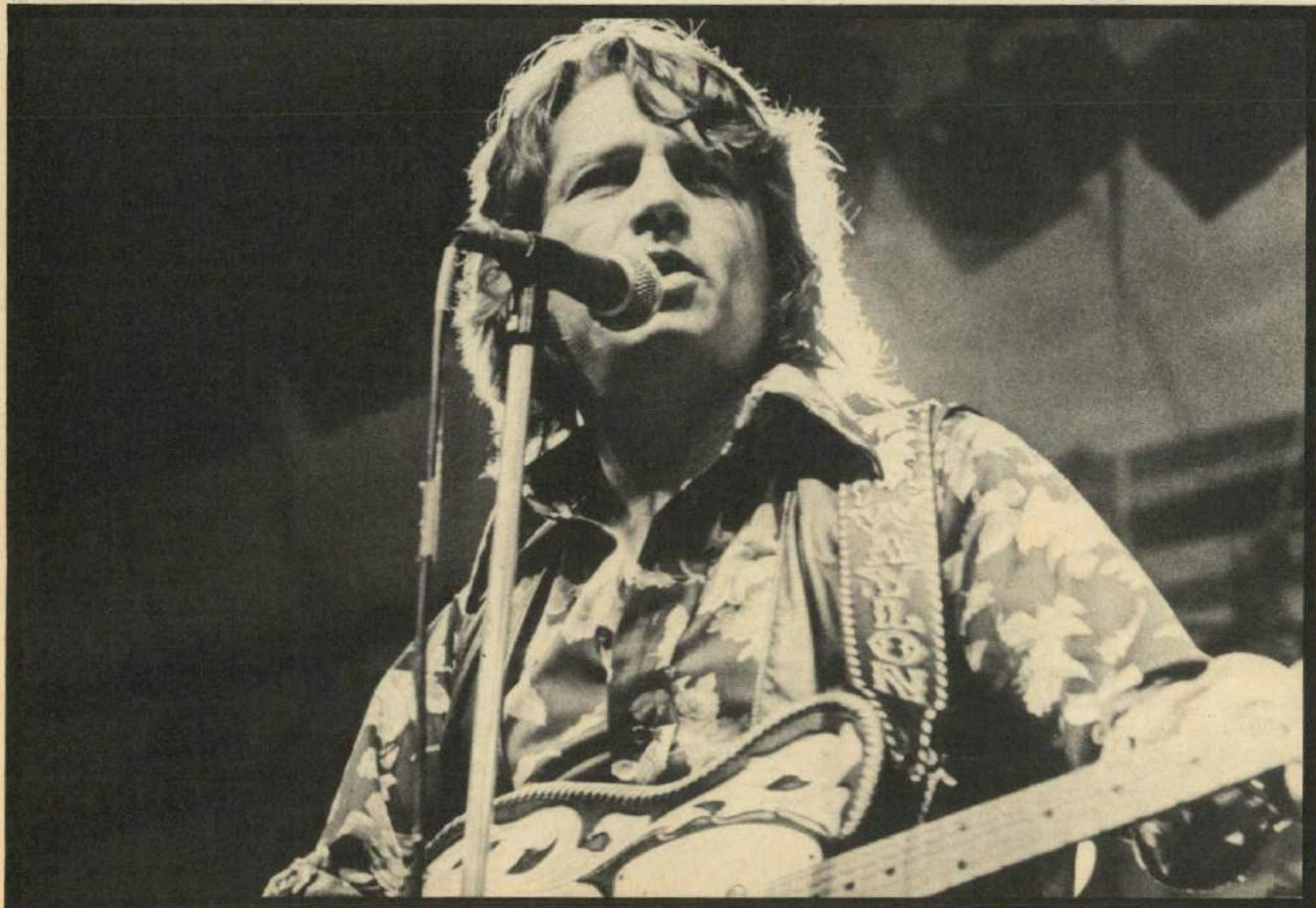
JENNINGS: Yeah, and you know what? They mean well by it, right? It's kind of like an expression. It's like saying . . .

HUSTLER: He's a motherfucker.

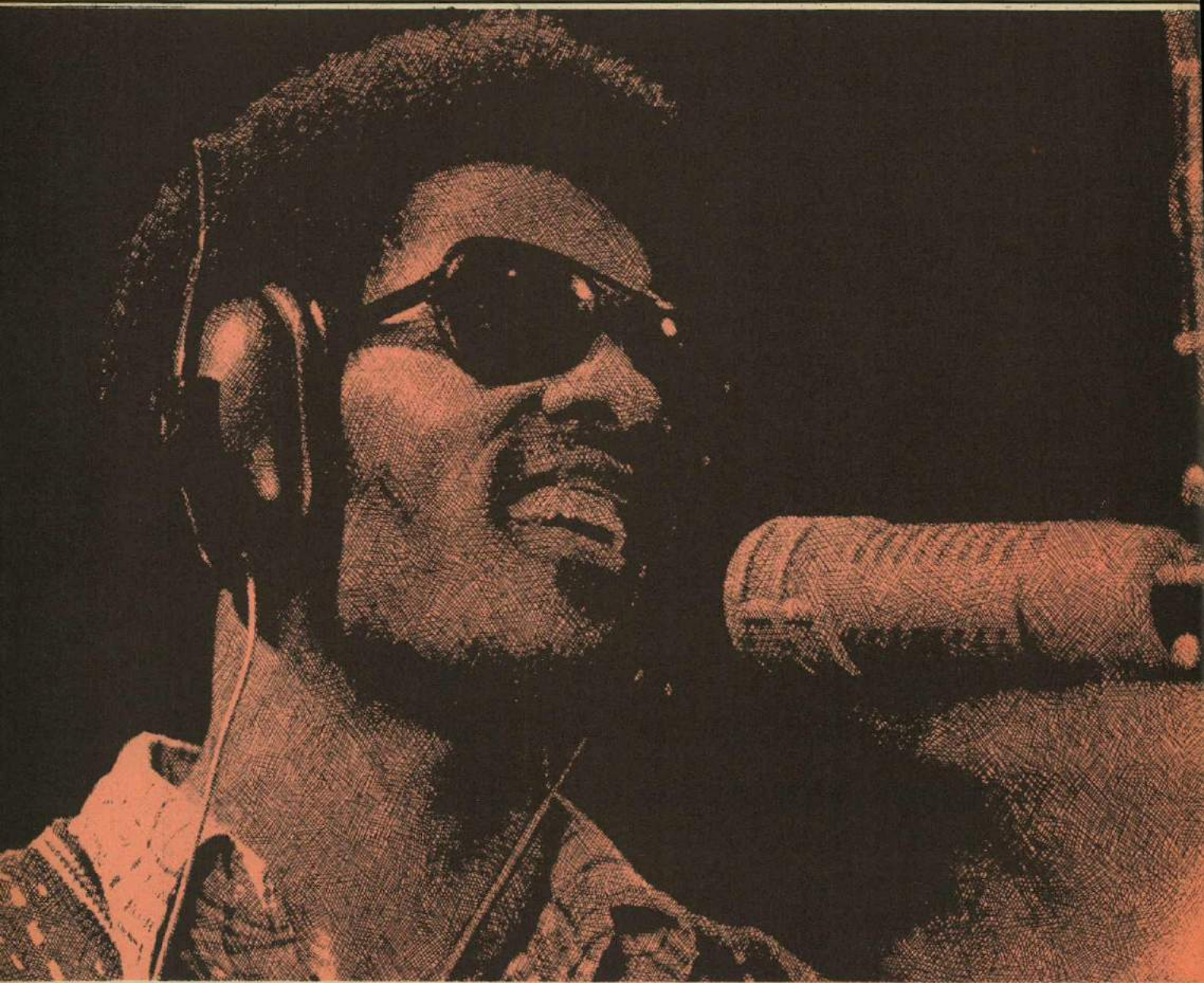
JENNINGS: That or fuck it. Now which one is the strongest? Which one is going to get somebody's eyebrows to raise? As far as I'm concerned, sometimes I laugh at some of the things they say and the way they see me. Through what eyes, I'll never know. But all in all they mean pretty well.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about women?

JENNINGS: They sure got a lot of pretty women in Texas. 



HUSTLER PROFILE



STEVIE WONDER

In June of 1972 Stevie joined a tour with the Rolling Stones, a cross-country venture which took him from Vancouver to New York and lasted nearly two months. As show opener (eight years earlier he had top billing with the English quintet) Wonder debuted *Talking Book* and gave audiences a taste of Wonderlove, an eight-musician, four-singer ensemble who provided tender accom-

paniment to Stevie's often tempestuous/often sensuous performances. As he details to *Rolling Stone*, "It wasn't a money-making thing, that wasn't the idea—exposure was the thing. I want to reach the people. I feel there is so much through music that can be said, and there's so many people you can reach by listening to another kind of music besides what is considered your only kind of music."

Claiming "I love to grow" his 14th album titled *Inner Visions* explores even more area than the earlier *Talking Book*. In a move to even further widen his horizons Stevie recently moved to Africa to listen and learn and even his opening number in concert is a sort of African scat singing taken from a composition, *The Monkey Chant*. "It's amazing," he describes to *Stone*, "I been in the business

ten years, going on 11 now, and I look back and see so many things, changes, it's almost like I'm an old person sometimes. The musical changes, how different eras have come and gone, a lot of people that I thought would be major people have died. Otis, Jimi Hendrix. ..."

Stevie Wonder sums it all up when he tells Motown "I like to think that my music means *me*—how I feel and what I want to say."

Stevie Wonder was, unbelievably, only 10 years old when Ronnie White of the Miracles introduced him to the Motown Records complex. The company changed his name from Steveland Morris to Little Stevie Wonder and in so doing hatched one of the most creative artists the industry has ever seen. He has garnered thirteen gold records, numerous industry awards and respect from everybody from Jeff Beck to the Rolling Stones.

Born 23 years ago in Saginaw, Michigan, he moved with family to Detroit during his pre-teen years, banging on neighbor's pianos and toy tin drums with cardboard tops. He sang in the White-stone Baptist Church of Detroit and at one point even had plans of becoming a minister but now admits he "decided to be a sinner instead." His first infamous harmonica was given to him by a friendly barber, a four-hole model which was worn around his neck on a chain. Sitting around barely audible radios Stevie would play along with bluesmen Jimmy Reed and Little Walter, developing a style which would later cause critics and fellow musicians alike to gasp in awe at the sound he created.

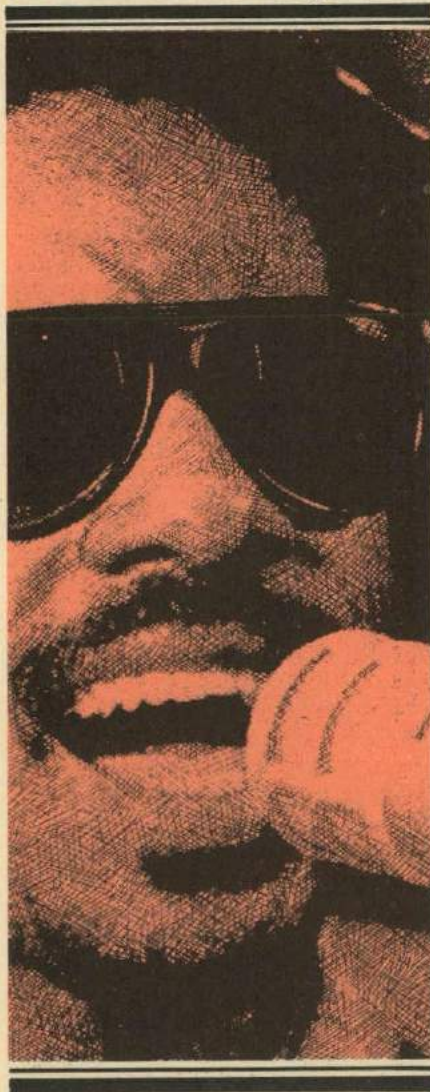
This earthy feel was captured on an album titled *The 12 Year Old Genius* which made the little wonder a phenomenon of the year. Since that time he has never ceased making magic in music (and consequently dropped the "Little" from his name), touring and performing in every American city and recording album after brilliant album.

At 21 (1971), he legally received all his childhood earnings and with a pocket full of coin moved out of his family's home into a New York City hotel. The change of environment, a marriage, and deep thinking were the harbingers of a new direction and sound for Wonder. He tells Motown Records, "It was time for a change musically...spiritually I had gone as far as I could have gone. I then asked the question of where am I going, what am I going to do? I had to see and feel what I wanted to do and feel what my destiny was; the direction of destiny anyway and we got into *Music Of My Mind*. I think that when you gradually change

STEVIE WONDER


you still have a certain thing that you left behind. When you take a very abrupt change you say 'okay boom' this is what this is going to be about—click and you do that. It's like you can't gradually leave a kind of music; you have to do whatever you feel you want to do musically. You can't mix a concept with another kind."

Using the Electric Lady studios in New York, Stevie recorded *Music Of My Mind*, a semi-solo album which found the young musician playing all instruments except a lone trombone and guitar on "Love Having You Around" and "Superwoman" respectively. It was the first album which featured his work with the Moog and Arp synthesizers, and it was these instruments in particular which prompted the title of the nine-tracked disc. "The synthesizer has allowed me to do a lot of things I've wanted to do for a long time," he



relates to the Motown complex. "but which were not possible until it came along. It has added a whole new dimension to music." He felt the Moog enabled him to "express what comes from your mind" and consequently, the album's title. Breaking the mold of all previous Motown music, the reflective record tore a hole which was to ever widen with successive efforts.

Following *Music Of My Mind* (which was co-written with his wife of one year, Syreeta) he had a round with producing and during that period produced Syreeta's first two albums, the Spinners' "It's A Shame," the Supremes single "Bad Weather," and the Main Ingredient's *Afrodisiac*.

His magic as a producer was cultivated to high degree on the follow-up to *Mind Music*, *Talking Book*. Securing the talents of other musicians (Jeff Beck-guitar, Trevor Laurence-saxophone, Scott Edwards-bass guitar) it showcased Stevie as one of the true keyboard geniuses, and on the controversial "Superstition" he brought the long-neglected clavichord into contemporary light. That four-and-a-half minute cut was the cause of a disenchantment for Jeff Beck, the foremost English guitarist who agreed to play on Stevie's album (he appears as soloist on one song, "Looking' for Another Pure Love") in exchange for an original tune of Wonder's. "I'd written a thing for them—they wanted 'Maybe Your Baby' (from the *Talking Book* record) and I said no, do this, this is even better, and I wrote "Superstition," he describes to *Rolling Stone* newspaper. "They wanted the track which I couldn't give them 'cause of Motown, so I said, 'I'll give you a seven (a 7½ ips tape) and you all work on it and I'll play on the session, 'cause he said he'd play on a thing for them which was even more like Jeff Beck, a thing called "Thelonius" which they haven't done anything with. The tune I wanted to release as a single was "Big Brother" but that was done too late to come out as a single. Motown decided they wanted to release "Superstition." I said Jeff wanted it and they told me I needed a strong single in order for the album to be successful. My understanding was that Jeff would be releasing "Superstition" long before I was going to finish my album; I was late giving them *Talking Book*. Jeff recorded "Superstition" in July (1973) so I thought it would be out. But I did promise him the song and I'm sorry it happened and that he came out with some of the arrogant statements he came out with. I will get another tune to him that I think is as exciting, and if he wants to do it, cool." 

THE ABSOLUTELY CAPER

Continued from page 58

He was able to push all of them aside now, except the last fiasco. A gas station job in which he was merely the wheelman, it had gotten him 18 months in the state pen. Plus a year's probation.

Of the two stints, the last seemed the worst. Inside the joint he'd had a good cellmate, a bright older guy who was doing his second stretch for embezzling. Herbie kept his nose clean and got a first-rate education on juggling books and falsifying accounts. He figured that when he got out he'd be able to go into business for himself at some hick bank.

The trouble was, there weren't any banks, savings and loan associations, or even currency exchanges willing to hire an ex-con on probation whose only experience in accounting was gained through associating with an embezzler. In fact, for some time it looked like he might not be able to get a job anywhere.

Finally, he was able to join the ranks of the great employed through the efforts of his probation officer. As a produce man for one of the larger supermarket chains, which had a policy of hiring ex-cons, he weighed bananas, kept the floor around his post free of lettuce leaves and grapes, and watched the local housewives sort through the tomatoes and plums in their curlers and head-scarves.

Mostly, he was sullen; but sometimes, misinterpreting the actions and remarks of the ladies he served, a look of sly humor tightened his lips into a smirk. Once he'd caught one of his "regulars" (who he'd been eyeing for weeks) mercilessly manipulating some peaches in search of a bagful of perfect fruit. When he glared at her, she giggled nervously that she'd been a bad girl to squeeze his fruit.

"That's okay, lady," he said, stretching his lips back to show his teeth. "I'll let you squeeze my peaches if you let me squeeze yours."

He didn't know what to expect when he saw the blood drain from her face and saw her stalk off to the manager's office. Especially when the big bruiser, her husband, showed up the next morning ready to kill him. But the company didn't fire him. Evidently, he had some kind of weird clout due to being an ex-con.

There were other close calls after that; and they probably would have let him go if he hadn't beat them to it. The day after his probation was up, he no longer was under the watchful eye of the law so he

just quit. He didn't intend working a day longer than necessary at a square job.

And by that time he had already come up with his long- and short-range plans. The long-range one showed him where he was going. The short-range one would provide him with the means of getting there.

It was a simple plan, and a modest one. He didn't expect it to make him fabulously wealthy overnight. If he could just clear \$500 to \$1000, he'd be perfectly happy. What he liked most about it was that it was absolutely foolproof. But it had other advantages. It was a one-man job. And he needed no artillery, special equipment, or elaborate get-away plans. All it really required was a cool head and steel nerves. And, by Christ, he had those if nothing else.

The idea struck him while wandering downtown one Saturday morning. Lined up in front of a theater were hundreds of people waiting for the box office to open. He looked up at the marquee and down at the advertisements in front of the theater. The featured attraction was a rock group that had suddenly zoomed to fame on the basis of a single record.

What surprised him as much as the number of people standing in line to throw their money away, was the type of people represented. He would have thought that there would be just kids and hippies willing to support something like this. But the long line was a cross-section of the public. He, himself, could have taken a place among them and never have been noticed.

Just as he was getting ready to turn away, he caught sight of the cashier's cage in the lobby. A single old woman was scooping up money and passing out tickets as fast as she could.

That was when it hit him. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that the box-office looked like a teller's cage—he'd associated a teller's window with a fast easy buck since bunking with the embezzler—or maybe it was just all that unguarded money being gobbled up by that little old lady. Anyway, counting the people waiting and doing some fast calculating, he figured she'd have close to a Grand in her till within an hour.

Suddenly excited, he almost pulled it off right then. But he then grew cautious, thinking that perhaps he ought to mull it over before actually doing the job. To a certain extent he trusted his intuition—and this plan had come right out of the blue, like instant Karma—yet at the same time he felt a stab of fear which seemed to warn him against recklessness.

So he had gone back to his room to think it over. He spent almost a month doing this. And when he was finished, he was glad he had. It had given him time to work out the fine points, to polish and refine his methods.

Now the day had finally come to test his plan. He gathered up all his material—sunglasses, a cheap attache case containing a large paper bag, and a carefully worked out note made up of words clipped out of the newspapers. It was already eight o'clock and time for him to leave. The box-office opened at ten and he didn't want to be too late, even though the longer he waited in line the bigger his haul would be. Walking out the door he congratulated himself on not being too greedy. He was playing it nice and easy. And safe.

* * *

By the time Emma Felz opened her window in the Roxy Theater at 10:05 that morning there were already about 600 people lined up beginning at her window and running through the lobby doors and half-way down the block outside. They were already impatient and rapping on the plywood partition that insulated her barred cage from the outside world when the box-office was closed.

She listened to the pounding on the plywood that protected her from the crowds and sensed that the roar of protests was growing louder. She smiled and applied some bright-orange lipstick to her withered lips. She never opened on time when there were big crowds waiting for tickets for a rock concert—especially when half of them were outside in the street getting drenched to the skin.

Though her round granny-glasses were once again in vogue, sixty-five-year-old Emma Felz felt no kinship with the Now Generation. In fact, when discussing them, she often waved her thin stringy arms around violently while pronouncing they were the ruination of the country.

Finally, after examining herself in a small mirror and wiping a fleck of orange from her upper dental plate, she slid the plywood partition up overhead in its two grooved runners that partially framed her window. From behind the protection of the bars in front of her she saw that the natives were getting restless.

Outside, feeling his shoes finally soak through to his still damp socks, Herbie stood in line. The cardboard of his attache case was beginning to peel. And he felt stupid in his sunglasses. He had miscalculated the drawing power of the Slippery

Sandpaper, the group for whom the people were waiting to buy tickets. There were already almost 250 people waiting when he got there at eight-thirty. Yet this didn't annoy him. He estimated that at a minimum of \$5 per person for those ahead of him, his take would be well over a thousand. Through his raincoat he pressed the note that was in his inside coat pocket and felt content. It wouldn't be too long now.

But it was past one o'clock by the time he finally got into the lobby and out of the rain. Now there were only about twenty-five people ahead of him. His shoes squished each time he inched forward. When he got within earshot of the box-office he could see why it had taken so long to get inside.

Emma Felz in her cage had a real talent for confusing and enraging people. And for keeping things moving slowly. To begin, she never asked the person who stood before her what they wanted. Unless he spoke up immediately, she busied herself with sorting tickets into the wall of little slots beside her or methodically counted her money. When the expectant customer did finally speak up, asking for a specifically priced ticket, she would either tell him that those tickets were all gone or insure further delay by asking what particular section they preferred. She did this by apparent whim, since often there were still tickets available in sections she announced were sold out. But actually her responses were based solely on the way a particular customer struck her.

Her new boss, Nick, a two-hundred and fifty pound sleepy-eyed Greek, who had stopped by at eleven o'clock to give her help with the expected big crowd, couldn't understand how she operated. Despite the fact that she was one of his employees and that his sweating bulk would have made up four Emma Felzes, he was a little afraid of her. She was a member of a strong union, but it was more than that.

"How come you told him we're out of seats on the main floor?" he almost whispered after she had told a long-haired boy in an old army overcoat that the only tickets she had were on the side in the first balcony.

"I don't like his type," she said crisply, pursing her orange lips. "Besides, you have to get rid of the bad seats first—you can always sell the good ones."

After that exchange Nick contented himself with making change and trying to keep his pendulous belly away from her in their cramped quarters.

From the way the line curved up to the box-office Herbie wasn't able to see Nick until he was almost there. He hadn't

expected this. The big creep had never shown up on a crowded Saturday before, he thought. His first reaction was to slip out of line and try another day. But as he rapidly went over the details of his plan, he couldn't see how having the fat man there would make any difference.

When there was only one person ahead of him, Herbie carefully extracted the note from his inside coat pocket, trying not to get it too wet. As he stood waiting while Emma Felz told the teen-ager in front of him that the second balcony seats were sold out, the water from Herbie's raincoat ran down into his neatly folded note. He became alarmed when he discovered this, afraid that the pasted words would come unglued and make his message incomprehensible. He tried holding it up but saw that the water had soaked through the paper making the words partially visible to those behind him.

He was waving it vigorously back and forth to dry it when the kid in front of him finally gave up and slouched away empty-handed. Emma Felz rearranged some second balcony seat tickets that supposedly didn't exist. Herbie waited for her to speak. After a few moments, seeing she was paying no attention to him, he slid the note under the bars of her window.

She continued to ignore him as he cleared his throat and Nick indicated to her ever-so-tentatively that a customer was waiting. Finally, without looking at him she said, "Yes?"

Herbie remained silent pointing as best he could through the bars at the sodden note before Emma. It was making a small puddle on the marble counter. It was probably that more than Herbie's gesticulating that brought Emma's attention to it.

Picking it up with a thumb and forefinger as if it were a dead insect, she said to her brow-mopping employer out of the corner of her mouth, "Looks like we've got a dummy on our hands."

She spread the paper out flat on the marble. Several of the words of the first line had become detached so that she had to put them in place again before she could make any sense out of what was before her.

In a loud nasal voice, as if she were reading to a deaf person, she read the note as Nick peered over her shoulder.

"Do NOT be ALARMed I will NOT HURT YOU. But some of my FRIENDS are in line behind me with GUNS who will shoot to KILL if you cry out or try to STOP me. So don't try ANYTHING."

Interrupting herself, she said in her normal voice, "Just what the Dickens is he up to?" Nick didn't know, but he reached down for the little baseball bat

he had brought with him that morning just in case there was any trouble with the hippies.

Emma fixed Herbie with a piercing bird-like stare. He glanced around nervously. A fat girl behind him in a smelly woolen poncho said, "Too much," and rolled her eyes upward.

Emma continued reading, her voice creaking again. "You will not be able to recognize them because THEY LOOK like ordinary PEOPLE like YOU and Me."

Herbie was fumbling with the lock of his cardboard attache case which was now coming apart at the seams. He had it open and was pushing the brown paper bag under the bars as Emma continued.

"Take all THE MONEY and put it in this. Do NOTHING for ten minutes after I am gone or MY FRIENDS will KILL YOU. THANK YOU."

She looked up from the note directly at Herbie, trying to get at his eyes behind the sunglasses. "Thank you, huh?" she said. Then she looked at his hands still resting on the counter in front of her. The finger tips protruded just past the bars of the window.

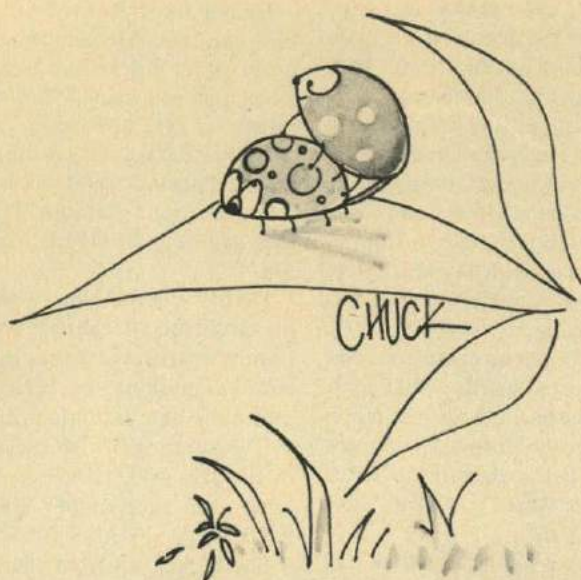
Reaching quickly overhead she unhooked the latch that held the plywood partition in place. It chunked down like a guillotine in its runner, pinning three fingertips of Herbie's left hand and four of his right. At the same time Emma was holding down the partition so that the already whitening fingers could not be extracted.

Nick was out of the office with the nimbleness only a fat man is capable of. Herbie sagged to his knees with his hands still pinned in place at the counter as the Greek came around to the front with his little baseball bat. Herbie saw him out of the corner of one dazed eye and almost pulled seven of his fingers out of their sockets trying to avoid the blow that came whizzing at his head.

"You Goddamn fat pig," he yelled as the bat glanced off his arm.

The exclamation seemed like a call to arms. Suddenly everyone in the lobby was screaming, "The Pigs! The Pigs!" Herbie joined in as two bearded long hairs in motorcycle boots started jumping on Nick and using his bat to try to batter down the plywood that still held Herbie's fingers.

Emma, inside her cage released her grip on the partition long enough to start barricading her door. As she did so, Herbie pulled free. The fat girl who had been behind him asked, "You okay, baby?" He tried to smile as he moved off quickly, realizing that it wasn't her wooly poncho



"Beat it, freak! I'm not a LADYbug!"

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that smelled so bad.

By this time the whole line had dissolved into a rolling mass of screaming people. Someone shouted, "They're trying to shut down the Slippery Sandpaper concert."

"All power to the people!" several others boomed, battering at Emma's window.

Herbie moved slowly back, edging for the door, holding up a fist he couldn't clench and yelling "Right on!" as he had seen some demonstrators do on a TV special.

Nick finally free of his assailants was somehow able to convince Emma to let him into the locked box-office. After forcing himself through the partially barricaded door, he called the police.

By the time the police did arrive, Herbie was half-way home. He had trouble opening his door because his hands were numb to the wrist. Going to the bathroom he filled the bowl with icy water and plunged his now-swollen fingers in. Looking them over he figured that he'd lose all seven nails.

It would be a long time before he would be spreading golden oil on the bodies of rich young widows in Florida. And looking at himself in the mirror, it seemed like the scar on his nose was becoming more pronounced.

PENIS, BUTTOCKS AND JELLY

Continued from page 64

The greatest danger in the pathology of MT is the extent to which its victims are sickened into helping the virulent substance circulate through more and more of their own bodies. What was originally a simple dose of MT on the scalp may soon be encouraged by the patient herself to spread from uvula to vulva, from teat to tibia.

If the sexual pathologies of our country today are filling hospitals, jails and asylums—notwithstanding the so-called liberation that has supposedly freed this generation's genitals—*merdine tauridae*, smeared, squeezed, rubbed, soaked, sprayed squirted, teased, heated, combed, spread, pencilled, brushed, and otherwise oozed into the skins of millions of silly and desperate women, must be condemned as one of the major pathogenes

The Lay of the Lie, that leads to the lie of the lay.

The absolute, irrefutable truth of the matter is that most women need no cosmetics at all, other than warm water, a

wash rag, and a little soap, to become, be, and remain as beautiful as they will ever be. The overwhelming tragedy is that too many women are not beautiful in the slightest; and the cosmetizing they practice is like a student of embalming using live models.

Most women, however, can achieve whatever the cosmetics hucksters promise them, and much, much more without spending between one-tenth and one-third of their usually meagre salaries on all that chemical crap in expensive packages.

One Helena Rubinstein ad offers 2 ounces of Skin Life Cream for \$12.50; 2 ounces of Emulsion for \$12.50; 4 ounces of Toning Refreshant for \$5.00; 6 ounces of Cream Cleanser for \$4.00; 1 ounce of Deep Moisture Liquid Makeup for \$6.50; a total of fifteen ounces for \$40.50. This is evidently to be topped off with Courant perfume, at \$37.00 for one ounce.

There is no reason whatsoever to believe that \$77.50 worth of beautification will accomplish anything that less than ten dollars worth of parallel products can. But MT is expensive. MT is one of the rare products to defy *in essentia* and *per se* the old economic law of supply and demand. The more *merdine tauridae* there is, the higher the price for it rises; and, on account of its curious nuclear disintegrative pattern, the cheaper it is to produce.

We have studied hundreds of women, from the whole range of stances, casual to intimate, passing to passionate; and our conclusion is that, except in some few cases of severe emotional or glandular disturbances, the "need" of women for the billions of dollars worth of beauty "aids" they buy is 90% exaggerated. They have been victimized. They have been conned into believing that only highly-paid pros know what Beauty is.

As We Sieze It

There is, finally, nothing more sexually desirable than the woman herself. It is her existence as female that is the ultimate aphrodisiac. Somehow, we seem to have lost sight of that basic truth; and the cosmetics con game exploits our aberrated vision.

Even the magazines that claim to be spokesmen for Ms Liberated Female perpetuate the deceptions and hypocrisies, perhaps because they are so heavily dependent upon MT producers for their advertising revenue.

A woman who has just awaken and sprinkled a few splashes of water on her eyes is probably the most beautiful, most erotic, most desirable, most splendid thing in the world. But, Christ, what financial empires would crumble, what

crummy magazines and TV shows would fold, what legions of modern-day snake-oil medicinemen would have to join former White House aides in unemployment lines if *that* image of Woman were taken seriously.

Anyone who has lived even a half-full sex life will testify that sex early in the morning when you're both half asleep, with eyes half grit-glued, mouths spiced even with old wine, pits and crotches and glands exuding the scents of *real* flesh and living, hair tangled as wildly as limbs, that sex then is among one of life's supreme gifts. And the woman who gets up from that is so damned radiantly alive and beautiful that cosmetics would insult her. Helena Rubinstein as a sex object? Come now.

And in the evening, after a miserable, exhausting day at the office, why in anybody's name should a woman look as crisp as if she had just gotten up? There are moments when nothing is more exciting than the drowsy eyes, vulnerably relaxed jaw of a tired girl who would really just like to can the crap and go to Bed: and that still remains the major final arena.

At the same time, few things are as pathetic as the carefully made-up face under which the blood-shot eyes and sagging muscles are struggling to keep up to the pretensions of the cosmetic mask.

The terrible accomplishment of cosmetics advertising is mostly that it makes it rarer and rarer for a man and woman in middle- and upper-class America to see each other. They see each other's this and that, and even then mostly as they have been trained to see that specific this or that; but they do not see each other, because each is trying to hide a whole configuration of realities. Each is forbidden to acknowledge that weariness, boredom, exhaustion, hunger, loneliness, and a host of other psychological, emotional and physiological ailments do, as a matter of fact, exist. And, of course, age is the supreme taboo.

Kissinger as Sexpert

It is possible, notwithstanding his awards and international position, that, as far as *The Hustler* is concerned, Henry Kissinger has made only one significant statement. It was he who remarked, when asked about his reputed success with the ladies, that "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac."

Yes, indeed; and while it is true in the grander sense, it is also the fundamental truth in everyday arenas of the sexual chase.

If a man is genuinely a man, there is no cosmetic product in the world that will

make it more effectively evident; and if a man is not a basically sexual creature all the seas of Hai-Karate and Musk in this and seven other worlds will add one centimeter to whatever he thinks his masculinity is based upon.

And any real woman will tell you that by and large a man is the sexiest, not when he is consciously engaged in the pursuit, but when he is totally immersed in whatever defines his existence. This is the real appeal of the total athlete, performer, actor, artist, soldier, or whatever: his immersion in something is irresistibly challenging to women—partly, in our society, because any woman worth her salty armpits is tired of having all the half-men scrambling to climb all over her.

"Ignore her" is not the worst answer to the question "How can I attract her attention?" And the most potent way of ignoring her is to be wholly wrapped up in something one is doing.

Well, all this sounds too much like philosophy; and one thing the real Hustler tries to do is avoid *that*.

Words' Worthlessness

Rivalling the cosmetics industry in its corruption of language values is the cigarette industry, as we suggested earlier. It can, of course, also be argued that they are also rivals for the distinction of Grand Poisoners.

But tobacco is only a peripheral concern here, so we settle for two brief examples of what is being talked about.

Taking advantage of the fads built up around the "natural," the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company proclaims in full-page ads that "Salem refreshes naturally." If one considers for a second that a cigarette is mechanically a small portable furnace designed to pour some of the most noxious poisons into the human body at a deadly high temperature, that "naturally" reeks of a moral poison just as evil.

Taking advantage of the fads and myths being built up around the liberation of the female, Virginia Slims declares that women have "come a long way, baby," because they can now poison themselves openly, without having to hide their cigarettes as not long ago law and custom required them to. We are not against women smoking, but against the hucksterism that nominates their smoking as a hallmark of freedom.

The cosmetics empires are built on the exploitation of fads, myths, fears, and ignorances. They have made superfluities necessities; and while God may envy and admire them for that, the man who loves sex and women, and sex-in-women can only condemn them.

Cosmetics too damned often are cover-

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Yasodhra, a Hindu writer on sex, found 729 ways to perform the sex act. But without staying power, agility and vigor, a couple can't even manage one. When sex muscles drop out, they bring fatigue instead of pleasure. Unknowingly, many men and women (young and old) are sexual cripples.

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up and camouflage, dangerous not because they might deceive the gullible or frustrated male, but because too often they keep women from looking where beauty starts—within themselves.

There is an ad for Excedrin, showing a woman with four different expressions on her face, captioned "Simple pain can change the way a woman looks." Without concerning ourselves with the efficacy of Excedrin, and by expanding the "pain" to include more than headache and body aches, we must accept that sentence as one of crucial cosmetic importance.

Basically, a woman will look like how she feels, will emanate what she is; but all the single, swingle, dingle bars are filled with women who feel lousy, and are nondescript in their minds and souls, but are trying, via layers of MT, to look wonderful and seem desirable. Many of them, of course, will end up being screwed, because there are enough of their male counterparts; but most of them will lie abed with their vibrators, hair still in place, mascara still unsmudged, raspberry douches still unsmelled.

And, of course, their continued frustration will result in further need of beauty aids. Increased breakouts and oiliness, blotches and forms of dermatitis, consequent upon emotional upsets, anger, and aggravations require more camouflage; and more poison is squeezed through the epidermis into unknown deposits in kidney, liver and nerve tissue.

Eventually, there she stands, or lies: the real Miss America, from a statistical point of view—wig, false eyelashes, mascara, shaped lips, silicone, assorted odors, sexual reaction learned from the latest erotic publishing comedy team, and faked orgasm. That is what Liberation is unleashing against male chauvinist pigs. And since the latter are more pigs than they are either male or chauvinist, everybody diddles a bit more . . . and gets more sexually frustrated than ever.

Thomas Wolfe, a novelist during the thirties, who liked his piece as much as he liked his pen, cried out, "For Christ's sake, can't they talk about anything?" While many modern He-He-Men deny they give a shit whether their broad can talk or not as long as she can cop it good, they give themselves away when they're off guard and betray their basic longing for a girl who can fuck and be interesting.

We, too, want women to be as full and rich in bed as out, and vice versa; but the cosmetic purveyors of *merdine tauridae* are agin it. It's a long complicated process, and now, of course, they're working their blackass magic against men, too; so

that in this comparatively brief article we can hardly begin to explore the whole con. But start somewhere, and end somewhere we must. Perhaps the best way to go down on the women is to start with their hair.

The Folly of Follicles

The Bible says that her hair is a woman's glory. Certainly it is a damned glorious thing for cosmetic stockholders. A study of 260 different magazines directed to women and girls shows advertisements for shampoos and hair gadgets the major source of ad revenue.

"If your hair isn't beautiful the rest hardly matters." So say the manufacturers of Pantene (toxic level of *merdine tauridae* very high) in a magazine supposedly interested in elevating women above the level of sex object. If that comment isn't utterly anti-woman-as-human, I don't know what color Betty Friedan's pubic hairs are.

Clairol does something similar subliminally when an ad screams "You can buy Happiness." Although Happiness turns out to be a no-peroxide haircolor, the subconscious, still clinging to vestigial respect for the language, for a painful second is teased with deliberate malice. Malice is not too strong a word. Aside from rumors about the sexual preferences of many, many men who manipulate the worlds of female fashions, hairdos and cosmetics, the copywriters, lay(sic) out men and artists who create cosmetic advertising are (respecting as we must their need to earn a living) participating in corporate malice.

One of the more immoral (archaic) aspects of the hair business is the coincidence that the companies which manufacture products to cure hair-damage effected by one kind of hair treatment, say, electric curlers, are the same companies that manufacture and advertise the damage-doing product.

Of course, the abuse of language (the creative use of language) continues; an endless array of products, scientifically produced, achieve the "natural" look. Sometimes it "doesn't change your own natural color. Just the gray goes away," Balsam Color makes your hair "more natural."

Gray is ugly. Gray is ugly. Age is the enemy: all through cosmetic advertising, in a thousand subtle and blatant ways, the natural process of living and aging is treated like leprosy; and women as early as 30 are told that if their hair and skin are not like those of an 18-year-old, LOVE will not be theirs. Miss Clairol says, "To know you're the best you can be," you must cover your gray. Every-

where?

Can That Crap!

More and more medical and environmental scientists are becoming convinced that some of our modern devices and conveniences, like aerosol sprays, are cumulatively dangerous and deadly. One scientist recently claimed that we have sprayed so much garbage into the atmosphere that we have lowered the average temperature of the earth about two degrees. There is reason to suspect the steady accumulation of products used in sprays, in the lungs, bloodstreams, kidneys and liver, and other cells, so that perhaps only in a decade, or even only in the next generation will we be aware of the price our race will pay for our conveniences.

It does not take intelligence or keen eyesight to see that most of what is sprayed from a can of hair-holder, for example, comes into contact with eyes, skin, nose, mouth, and gradually with the interior of lungs, bloodstream. Many of these chemicals, including MT, have not been subject to sufficiently wide and lengthy study really to be labeled safe for human consumption.

AND THIS MUST BE REMEMBERED: a product, no matter what its purpose or use, is being biologically consumed if it enters the body through nose, mouth, anus, ear, or other aperture and then passes through membrane, lining, or tissue into the body internal.

There is no intelligent defense for the continued use of sprays or aerosols to hold hair like a lobster shell for hours and hours. A hairdo that "holds up longer than you do" never looks like what it does in the magazine ads. In real life it invariably resembles wisps of straw sticking out of blonde Brillo.

Ninety percent of hair cosmetics, from herbal concoctions to blow-jobs are snow-jobs. Most of modern products are "necessary" only because a coterie of epicene follicle sculptors and butchers have decreed that hair must do a host of things besides hang from one's scalp. We can see them all gloating over the possible popularization of nudism only because they might then have another patch of hair to spit and finger.

Granted that urban pollution showers the scalp and hair with filth: a mild soap will still do everything claimed for all the shampoos. Protein enrichment of dead cells, which is what hair is, is a lie; and as for all the gibberish about sheen, shine, highlights, fullness, et aliter, the lights in the place where most wooing is done make all that irrelevant.

The new campaign to entice women

into daily shampooing is the shrewdest and cruelest of cons, particularly when it is of water-conservation and energy-conservation that we should be seriously thinking.

Then, too, why in hell spend more and more time trying to be screwable (the only honest interpretation of the cosmetics industry's "beautiful") and consequently less and less being screwed? As it is now, and this conclusion was recently confirmed by Professor Horsheim Blotts, the average "secretary type," whatever that is, spends 28 minutes in beauty preparation for every minute spent in the "coital configuration." (I assume that means they do not include the ten seconds the waiter spent fingering your ear.)

Most hair preparations taste to the kissing and nibbling male, terrible; and the grit that is trapped in treated hair is more offensive than the natural oiliness and damp-straw scent of hair that is slightly dirty.

At the same time, many women become so self-conscious of their hair that a rigidity creeps through their neck and shoulders and into their whole body mannerism, often creating, in sensitive males, the impression that they would rather not fuck unless it can be done without ruining hairdos.

Let the wind blow it, and you'll be more likely to end up blowing, too. And if he doesn't like the way it looks or smells, let him wash it for you . . . while you wait.

Now You See It . . . Now You Still See It

In the world of the girlies, and women's magazines most of the time, women have no hair except on the head and between the legs. In life, alas, hair is scattered all over: one out of seven women have more than a few hairs around their rosettes, etc.

Because of our social stereotypes and other psycho-sociological factors, the problem of female body hair is too serious to be as lightly treated here as everything else is. We can sympathize with the women who suffer, some of them intensely, on account of this problem; and our original intent was to overlook the matter completely. But there is one approach it is relevant to comment upon here.

The cosmetic bleach technique very often makes the "offensive" more so. No mass-produced product can, as some claim to do, "lighten embarrassing problem hair—on your face, arms and legs, even on your bikini area—blending it in with your skin tones to make it virtually undetectable." Skin tones vary too much for that; but, more importantly, light and shadow vary much more. At crucial mo-

ments, plays of light can, rather than lessen the "embarrassment," actually render the lightened hair more conspicuous than it would be naturally.

The best, if admittedly, the hardest solution, is to be so damned female that even a handlebar mustache wouldn't turn anybody off.

As for pubic hair, it's good with mayonnaise.

The Eyes Don't Have It

No advertisement for eye cosmetics approaches the essential truth of this line from an ad for Snelling and Snelling Employment Service: You need more than make-up to put a sparkle in your eyes. What is needed, the ad says, is a challenge, a change from the same, dull routine.

The girl not living in the "unreal" world of modelling usually looks sillier the more she tries to "do" her eyes. The typical creature looks like an ophthalmologist's and dermatologist's dream, ill-fitting lashes at always the wrong angle holding up specks of burned toast, blood-shot eyes irritated by the mascara and other cosmetics creeping into and irritating lids and balls.

If she wears the waterproof goodies, she looks sillier yet, if lucky enough to be bedded, when everything else has smeared away. Then the little goose looks like a silly owl.

If the object of cosmetics is to entice, induce, seduce and reduce (not weight, but the man to idiot), there are few men in the universe who will find a woman more attractive, no matter what else she does, than when she just catches his eyes with hers while she thinks of it.

Again, so much of the relevant wooing these days is done in light wherein eye cosmetics is an utter irrelevance . . . when it isn't absurd. A girl fixing her eyes to go from fluorescent office to outside to dim restaurant would spend half of her cosmetic-sex life with diaper rash on her eyelids.

Wrap it . . . in Skin.

The ad for Corn Silk Tinted Foundation says, "You can't tell where the make-up ends and the skin begins." Well, we know what problem they're talking about, but the remark seems applicable in another respect: women are putting so much junk on their faces and body that men often don't know where the skin does begin.

Kissing one woman on the neck helped us remember seven specific ingredients from an old high school chemistry experiment. Going through other layers of makeup is discovering one different degree of dermatological problem after another, like lifting up topographical

map overlays. It seems better to know from the start where the boils are rather than to discover it in the middle of the strategically planned *osculum a Baudelaire*.

We repeat what we said earlier about hair products: too much is being used, and abused. Except to the degree that we have all been conned by the glamor illusionists, few women really become more beautiful as they apply their makeup: more formal, more chic (whatever that is), more role-oriented, but not lovelier. If a dab won't do it, a damn quart won't.

We have seen many professional models off-duty, and the real beauties among them looked as sexy as hell with their hair in dirty towels and everything scrubbed off their faces except the glow of being what they were—women. And not forty or a hundred dollars an hour can make them into vicarious women.

How does skin become "honest" by putting on Ten-O-Six Lotion?

Something called Oil of Olay is "an unusual fluid that gently eases away complexion dryness and so helps women look their youngest."

We like the name of that product, and suggest that there is a truth hidden therein: another unusual fluid, another oil of O, lay, as symbolic of the whole erotic act, might do a helluva lot more to "penetrate the important layer of the skin, and alleviate" much more than dryness.

But, be careful never to kiss off her ERACE, because underneath there lurk dark circles, tired lines, and blemishes. The underlying anti-feminism of the women themselves lies in the implication that the man will not discover the "flaws" until he's in a position, with hardon athrobbin', where he doesn't give a damn.

Charles Revson says, "It would take a week in the country to get the radiant look my new facecolor gives you in a minute." Yeah, but will it last as long, no matter how thick the *merdine tauridae* is smeared on? It's much more likely that a minute in her cunt would give her a radiant look that might just possibly last until next week.

Much Ado About Twat?

The aim of the game of skin is, still, for most men and women, penis-vagina coitus, no matter what other gambits and openings are explored before screwmate and withdrawal. The crux is the crotch, but it's a bit more fun if the whole body gets played with, too.

So, "be kissing clean all over!" says Aqua Fem. One would think that a simple bar of soap would do it, say a bar of Neutrogena which can be eaten while she is, since it's all edible-quality beef tallow. But, no! What is apparently needed is a gadget that retails for \$39.95 and is "like stepping out of the Stone Age." If it is true that it has "made douching a thrill," why should she care whether the guy hangs around or not, and why limit the experience to "fifty-five seconds"?

Once again, douching is not all that necessary, except when there are certain medical complications.

We are still being overwhelmingly victimized by the Puritan prudery that has thwarted our sexuality for about three centuries. Its tyranny is much more subtle than understood by those who think that the widespread dissemination of photographed genitalia constitutes liberation. At the bottom of it all, and throughout the rest of it, Americans loathe not only the body, but its processes and characteristics. It is our profound loathing of body odors, for example, that has enabled dozens of companies to amass fortunes selling deodorants, colognes and perfumes.

The historical justifications for many of our cosmetics are no longer valid: modern plumbing, and the ubiquity of soap and water and healthy sanitational facilities obviate the oversize of our anti-smell industry.

The normally clean, average human body is rich and exciting in its range of smells. We have allowed ourselves to be so jaded by a flood of pseudo-scents, requiring women to smell like everything from cucumbers to aardvarks, that we are no longer responsive to the subtle and teasing differences between the scents and tastes of various parts of her natural body. Between her toes, behind her knee, all over wherever skin meets skin, there are fragrances and aromas that change from moment to moment sometimes, from day to day, from act to act, that should be as much a part of healthy sex as all the nuances of touch, moisture, and fever.

We have been CONDITIONED into reacting negatively to body odor and bad breath. The latter is rarely really offensive, again except when medical problems are present, and when they are, more than mouth rinses are required.

Those of you have reveled in sweating, raunchy sex, perhaps over a period of days when you were both too busy being lover and loved to shave, brush, comb, rinse, shampoo, spray, gargle, rub objects and chemicals into and against your

bodies, you, I am sure, will testify to the inoffensiveness of natural odors of the body.

How did it ever come about that we wanted the vagina *not* to smell? Or to smell like raspberry, champagne, jasmine or orange blossoms—as promised by Cupid's Quiver pre-measured douche?

There might be some point to it if the douches made the vagina taste like champagne or jasmine; but the chemistry of the grand glands is such that it now tastes more like the shoe the champagne was poured in.

There is nothing wrong with the taste or smell of a routinely clean vagina, the routine consisting mostly of a wholly healthy body. There is nothing wrong with the taste or smell of a menstrual vagina, a post-coital vagina, a busy vagina, or almost any vagina free of clinically demonstrable disturbances. Rare is the woman for whom it is necessary to douche more than once or twice a month; and rarer still is the woman who needs to make the damned thing smell like anything other than twat it is.

If odors have to be used, why always buttercup, pansy, gooseberry and dingle-fly? Why not be earthy about it all, and have douches à la garlic, à la sauteed mushroom, à la aged fish? Since douches are usually sold along with sprays which "help control odor outside the vagina," perhaps the producers could package different combinations, like frozen TV dinners: douche à la salmon, and deodorant à la Bearnaise; or douche à la onion, and deodorant à la liver.

We'd much rather go down there and then, than on a combination of petunias and cinnamon.

Our more than superficial research indicates that douches and vaginalabial deodorants are generally offensive to taste, regardless of their ephemeral olfactory appeal—to whom? The high-school girls who use 7-Up have a better idea, except when surgical removal of the vacuum is necessary.

Women whose douching equipment is a combination of dildos and vibrators will, of course, have somewhat valid reasons for ignoring the above: but are potent pricks really becoming that scarce?

We ask the last question because not long ago, in a crowded bar noted, supposedly, for its role as a kind of anteroom to urban orgiastics, one lovely girl, not drunk, cried out, with an authentic ring of longing in her voice, "Doesn't anybody *fuck* anymore?" Clustered around her were men, boys and other males talking mostly about sex.

Oh, well, we're too happy with ours to

worry about yours."

Whenever we read something like Norforms' claim that "It's the Internal Deodorant that lasts up to 10 hours!" We wonder what happens if the Master calls at the Eleventh Hour.

Summer's Eve, the first ready-to-use premixed and premeasured douche, takes five seconds longer than Aqua Fem, but it is available at leading drug and food stores. (Italics ours.)

Demure gives the vagina "its natural mint freshness." It may help one's sinuses, but we don't understand how mint became natural "down there." Pepper, yes . . . sometimes.

More ridiculously intriguing are the promises made by a company offering Climax Control Spray and Climax Control Gel, which may or not be more effective than the absurd device we read once in a serious sex manual: think of something like baseball while you're to-and-froing, and that will delay ejaculation. What has sex become if we should think of planting alfalfa while we're plowing women?

Anyway, that same company offers a range of sexual "lubricants" in Mandarin Orange and Imported Champagne. Why not Domestic Champagne? As for lubricants, most women we know ooze the stuff, starting from behind their ears.

Always the tongue-in-cheek (delightfully obscene double entendres possible) con: Oil of Musk Perfume is so potent that "a touch of this rich oil is all the invitation you need to give." We see in our minds a pathetic nincompoop dropping a bottle of it during rush hour and being raped to death—long before he gets a chance to use his Stimulant Capsules.

Special Moment costs \$22 a pound, but it can be applied "wherever love leads you." Let's hope it tastes good enough to fool Mother Nature. It is both "instantly arousing" and "instantly relaxing"—and that has to be the shortest sexual experience on record.

It is "the unforgettable taste of love." If it's the same for two natives in Palermo and two in Miami Beach, it's got to be a fantastically versatile product. We intend to try it as soon as our expense account auditor permits it.

A Plea for Common Scents

Only in passing in this essay intended to be an indictment of the cosmetics industry: such a project would require a seriousness inconsistent with the spirit of these pages or, at least, with the spirit of this writer.

It is intended mostly to be a plea for a few women to escape the tyranny of "beautifying" chemistry and surrender to the chemistry of their own beautifying personalities, and for a few men to help them . . . and then help themselves to women who will be more delicious, more delightful, more enduring.

In our food, our housecleaning, our traveling, we are killing ourselves softly with our throng of chemicals, gases, poisons . . . and in our cosmetics.

We try desperately to conceal signs of age at the same time that we are making our youngsters old long before their time.

We have elevated the natural odors of the body to the level of sociopathic acts.

Piss smells a little different after eating asparagus, and farts after eating refried beans: these are truths we seem to find more terrifying than the fact that our garbage could feed the children of Bangladesh.

Sex, in spite of the SEXSEXSEXSEX that superficially blankets our culture today, has become a plodding, serious, sombre thing. Even in the "sexiest" of magazines, it doesn't seem to be Fun. Christ, how can it be, after all the energy expenditure that the cosmetics people say is necessary to "be natural."

Shampoos, deodorants, douches, sprays, and lipsticks . . . the last thing they taste like is a woman.

One week without cosmetic crap: there's a crusade for a true Evangelist. He could even quote from the Bible's condemnation of "painted women."

We may be Hollow Men . . . or Plastic Men; but does that mean we have to suck aluminum?

In Sex, as in Poetry, we are supposedly launching a new and great Oral Tradition. But if mouths, vaginas, penises and buttocks mingle in the jelly and alchemy of modern cosmetics, we may end up too tongue-tied to sing anything worth our moment in History.

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Science has given us Knowledge and The New Contraception. Now the quest for "The 729 Ways of Pleasure" is on. While the young mix sex and drugs, the mature experiment in other fashion, and even the old seek new know-how!

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SEE PAGE 72

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Continued from page 14

organist and dancing, and the **Sheraton Motor Inn** has live entertainment and dancing . . . same at the **Dinkler Motor Inn**. Visit the **Canal Museum** while you're in town.



NORTH CAROLINA

Raleigh/Durham: You'll see some of the most beautiful country in the nation in these sister cities which boast of some excellent eateries. The **Frog and Nightgown** is the spot for jazz. It's an underground spot and it's bring-your-own-bottle where you can order set-ups to suit your taste. Thursdays is the night for big names, but none are booked in solid at this writing, so give 'em a phone call when you hit town to see what's on deck. Over in Durham check out the **Saddle & Fox** for beef. They age their own, and it serves up something super. The chef owns the place, so you know the food is the main thing. While you're in town, take an hour or so and visit one of the true mansions in the grand style . . . the **Duke Homestead**. The First Duke cigarette factory is on the grounds. There are also tours of the **American Tobacco** and **Liggett & Myers** plants. Watch them make weeds by the millions.

TENNESSEE

Knoxville: Wasn't too many years ago when Knoxville was much more than a convenient stopping off place for Ohio and Michigan snowbirds heading for Florida. Lately the city has come into its own with some fine restaurants. Among the better bets is the **Carriage House**. Good prime ribs and sea food

set against quiet background music. The **Rathskeller** is fine, too. Good German and American specialties. A tremendous private-recipe cheese cake.

TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS: Although we've mentioned it before, we'll again suggest the **Four Flames** for really great charcoal steaks, New Orleans style sea foods and salads, background music and entertainment. The **Dobbs House Luau** is a Polynesian food lover's delight. It's quite a switch from the usual **Dobbs House**. Wednesday night is an "all you can eat" night. The **Holiday Inn Rivermont** is a sure bet for good entertainment. One of the biggest fairs in that part of the country, the **Mid-South Fair**, opens in Memphis on the 20th and runs through the 28th. Nearly 1,000,000 are expected to attend.

TEXAS

DALLAS: The **Hyatt House** continues its policy of top entertainment on a nightly basis in the **Butcher Block** . . . dancing in the **Touche' Lounge**. **Executive Inn's Empire Room** is the spot to check out for name entertainment and for sky-high-view dining amidst south seas atmosphere try the **Ports O' Call** at the towering **Dallas Sheraton**. Another great spot for big names and nearly-big names is the **Venetian Room** at the **Fairmont Hotel**. **Daddys Money** is popular for lunch . . . steaks and sea food are the specialties. **Dunston's Steakhouse** is another fine spot for steak lovers . . . good and easy on the expense account. Three dinner theatres to choose from, but none has a solid booking for September as of this writing . . . so check 'em out when you get to town. The three are the **Country, Barn** and **Wind Mill**. All good. Walk into **Il Sorrento Restaurant**, and you're Mario Messina, "What's a great Italian restaurant like this doing in Dallas?" Chef Melvin Molandes serves up a tremendous menu. Specialty of the house is home made pasta, so as for a special treat try the spaghetti alla Carbonara. It's prepared right at your table.

OHIO

Akron: Here's a town with lots of action in lots of places. Number one of the "action" list is, of course, the **Akron Hustler** right in the middle of downtown at 21 South Main. For a great steak try the **Butcher Block** . . . where you watch as the "butcher" custom cuts your steak. The **Gaslight Room** at **Brown Derby Norton** in nearby

Norton Village features swinging live entertainment on Saturdays and **Sam Bruce** at the piano in the lounge nightly. Famed **Phil Palumbo** appears at his own club, **Phil Palumbo's Super Club**. Among Akron's claims to fame has to be the **Tangiers Restaurant**. Tremendous is the only word for it.

Cincinnati: What do you want to do? That's the main question when you hit the Queen City. There's something for everyone . . . from the great symphony orchestra to good rock spots. And, of course, food is king. Visit the **Gourmet** on top of the **Terrace Hilton**. Beautiful is the word. **Maisonette** is world-famed as is **Pigalle's** for French food. Lots of German food in the area; among the best is at the **Bismark**. Across the river there's plenty going all the time at the **Beverly Hills Supper Club**, and right in the heart of downtown there's the **Hustler Club** where there's always lots of fun and excitement. The Reds will be in and out of the beautiful **Riverfront Stadium**. They'll be at home on the 1st, on the 6th thru the 12th, and again on the 24th thru the 29th.

Cleveland: The Forest City (never found anyone who knew why they call this lake-front city the "Forest City") has long been noted for fine eateries and entertainment spots. **Playhouse Square**, practically in the middle of downtown, is the center of legitimate theatre; best to check when you hit town for the current attractions. For a little more swinging type stuff there's the **Blue Grass Motor Inn and Restaurant** where there are always lively shows, or the **Cleveland Plaza** where you can combine dinner and dancing on Friday and Saturday and dancing every night except Sunday. **Tops Cordone**, master of the Cordovox and great vocalist, will be at the beautiful **Old World Tavern** of the **Charter House Motor Hotel** during September. If you're in town on a Sunday check out this same spot . . . it's singles night every Sunday. **Adams Apple** in the **Carter** usually hosts a fine combo. Don't let anyone tell you Burlesque is ancient history . . . it's alive and well and going strong at **New Era** on Prospect Street. Of course, the funnest spot in town is the newest of all **Hustler Clubs**, just off E. 9th on Short Vincent Street. The Indians wrap up their home stay in **Cleveland Lakefront Stadium** with games on the 6th thru the 12th and again the 23rd thru the 29th.

Columbus: The first few days of Sep-

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

tember in Ohio's Capital City are almost 100% oriented toward the country's largest state fair... the annual **Ohio State Fair** held at the **Ohio Expositions Center**. Top-name entertainment afternoons and evenings free in the grandstand. Downtown, check out the **Ohio Theatre**, a classic mid-town old movie house now devoted to everything from rock concerts to Asian dances to classic films. Programs change quickly, so check them when you get to town. "**6 RMS R.V.**" will be featured at the **Springfield/Columbus Dinner Theatre**. **Benny Klein** and his truly fantastic dill pickles are back at their old location just a few doors north of Broad and High. Now called the **Bull and Bear**, Benny's famed restaurant still has those steaks you may remember from the days when it was Benny Klein's Steak House. **Fontas 16 East**, just around the corner, is as plush as ever, but now features Greek food (as well as American and Continental items) and belly dancers. Don't forget it's ladies night each Monday at **Max and Erma's** down in **German Village**. Too early to tell you what **Scots Inn** will be showcasing in the way of entertainment in the **Stewart Royal Room**... so give 'em a call. We can guarantee it'll be one or more top names. Try the steaks and/or lobster tails... or better yet, the lamb chops... at the **Top Steak House** on East Main. Wrap up any evening at the downtown funnery, **The Hustler Club**, 38 W. Gay Street. The **Ohio State Buckeyes** are at home on the 21st and 28th.

DAYTON: Called the Gem City for some unknown reason, Dayton has a variety of diversions scheduled for September visitors. If music under the stars is for you, there are free open air concerts at Island Park on the evenings of the 1st, 2nd and 8th. All at 8 PM. Variety of different kinds of music. The Automobile Show is at the **Convention Center** on the 5th and the big **Regional Antique Show** is at the **Montgomery County Fairgrounds** on the 13th thru the 15th. (Good chance to find mama or the girl friend a beautiful gift.) The **Central State Horse Show** is at the **Fair Grounds** on the 20th thru the 22nd. Good food in town, too. **King Cole** is tops, so's the **Colony Club** (specializes in corn-fed Iowa beef). New and beautiful is the **Yankee Tavern**. Two old converted barns... loaded with antiques. Downtown you'll find the "action" spots. Don't over-look **Daddy's Money** right

across the street from the **Sheraton**, or **Wheav'r's Right** not too far from the center of town.

TOLEDO: We've mentioned **Roman Gardens** in the past, and still suggest that if you haven't visited this restaurant, do so. Mancy's has reopened. Don't miss it. (Haven't had a chance to check the new version personally, but have been told by friends it's as great as ever.) **Van's Colonial House** is a good place for pickerel, and Wittenberg has a broad German-American menu. A fine selection of wines and beers, too. A big antique show will be held in the **Great Hall** of the Masonic Temple on the 1st and 2nd of September, and **Gun Show** will be in the same hall on the 28th and 29th. The one live show booked into town so far for the month of September is a star-spangled Country/Western spectacular in the **Masonic Auditorium** on the evening of the 29th. If it's action in the mod mood you're looking for, it's the **Hustler Club**.

PENNSYLVANIA


PITTSBURGH: One of the better restaurants in the entire area is **The Colony**. It's just a few miles south of town, but well worth the 15-minute drive. Be sure to make advance reservations. Steaks, snapper and lamb chops are tops on the menu. **Le Mont**, not far from the Liberty Bridge, is a good bet too. French cuisine. For a truly fine view try **Stouffer's Top of the Triangle**... way up on the 62nd floor of the US Steel Building. Broad menu and an equally broad look at the city and the rivers. The **Allman Brothers** rock group will be at the **Civic Center** on the 7th. O.C. Smith, vocalist, will be at the **Holiday Supper Club** from August 30th to Sept. 7th. The **Temptations** will arrive at the **Holiday** on the 27th and stay thru October 15. The famed **Pittsburgh Symphony** will be under the direction of **Walter Steinberg** at **Heinz Hall** from the 13th thru the 15th, the 20th thru the 22nd and the 27th thru the 29th. Fine guest soloists. **Walt Harper's Attic** will present jazz and blues singer **Joe Harper** from the 23rd thru the 28th. The **Pirates** will be at home on the 2nd, 3rd, the 6th thru the 8th, the 17th thru the 19th, the 20th thru the 22nd and from the 30th thru October 2nd.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia: Here is one busy place during September. On the 1st we have

Jack Cassady and **Shirley Jones** at the **Valley Forge Music Fair**. From the 2nd through the 7th, **Playhouse In The Park** will present "**The Championship Season**." From the 3rd through the 8th the **New York City Ballet** will be at the **Academy of Music**, and on the evening of the 3rd a **Mummers** string band will give a concert at **Kennedy Plaza** (Mummers will also hold forth on the evening of the 10th.) On the 4th there'll be an evening concert at **Independence Square** featuring tenor **Donald Mathis**. On the 9th (through the 14th) **Playhouse In the Park** will run "**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**." On the 11th the New York Festival Brass will play in **Independence Square**. From the 16th thru the 22nd **Valley Forge Music Fair** will present **Glen Campbell**. The **Academy of Music** will have the famed **Philadelphia Orchestra** under **Eugene Oramandy** on the 24th and 26 and will feature soprano **Benita Valenti** on the 26th. The **Annual Harvest Show** will run only during the days on the 27th and 28th at **Memorial Hall**. And that's a busy month. You'll want to catch the **Phillies** in action on the 1st, the 11th thru the 15th, the 17th thru the 19th, and on the 24th and 25th.

RHODE ISLAND

Providence: When Roger Williams sailed downstream from Boston and set foot on shore near what's now Providence, a local Indian chief asked him: "What cheer, white man?" If you've spent even a few minutes in the area you know the expression must have had a certain catchiness to it because everything from laundries to bars are named "What Cheer." Well, cheer isn't too hard to come by in the area. Nothing is very far from anything else in the whole state, so here are some ideas from here and there. In the Providence suburb of Cranston there's a good motel, the **Colonial Hilton** that provides a really nice indoor-outdoor pool with poolside service and a good combo for listening and dancing every night except Sunday. In famed old Newport you'll enjoy some excellent steaks and sea food at the **Pier**. Their charcoal-broiled lobster is a must. The ponies will be running all September and into October at **Narragansett Race Track** in Pawtucket on all days except Sundays. In Providence try the **Ming Garden** for Cantonese-style Chinese food and for American specialties. 

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H... THE HUSTLER AROUND TOWN

BITS & PIECES

Continued from page 6

Are garter belts here to stay?



Garter belt devotees, take courage. In Paris, legendary fashion capital of the world, stockings and garter belts are being seen in bistros as well as boudoirs. Garter belt sales are booming, and the customers are mostly tender young mademoiselles—the 17- to 25-year-olds.

The renaissance of the garter belt is at least partly the result of a Seventies spate of Thirties movies starring seductive actresses in stockings and exposed thighs. (Remember Liza Minnelli in *Cabaret*?)

And, not being ones to look a gift horse in the, uh, thigh, French garter belt makers are, uh, snapping back to life. After lying dormant for the ten years that panty hose have been *de rigueur*, the industry is geared up and swinging into action.

The word is that the nostalgic fashion is becoming more popular in Britain, too. But, *naturellement*, the barely civilized colonists in America are slow in catching on. Somehow American girls have to be convinced that being sexy wearing "old-fashioned" stockings and a garter belt is preferable to being practical and comfortable in panty hose or bare legs. Any ideas?

Fun City decides on being less gay

After a public hassle that lasted months, the New York City council has finally voted down a homosexual civil rights bill that would have banned discrimination in jobs, housing, and public accommodations because of "sexual orientation." The vote was 22 to 19.

Although the bill appeared to have a good chance of passage, a last minute barrage of letters and phone calls from voters who opposed the measure swayed some councilmen to vote "no." Church members and firemen were among those most violently opposed.

Gothamites speculate that gay groups overplayed their hand by lobbying too intensely in favor of the bill. Coincidental publicity about homosexuals marrying each other and adopting children may also have been too much for the councilmen to swallow.

Ulcer sufferers get confusing news



Ulcer sufferers who hate milk toast and Junket (but have been eating them all these years because their doctors prescribed a bland diet) will hate us when they read this. But we feel morally obligated to pass along a report from no less an authority than the president of the American Gastroenterology Association, Dr. Albert I. Mendeloff. Dr. Mendeloff, doing his thing at a scientific meeting in San Francisco, had this to say:

"There is absolutely no evidence that diet protects against or is useful in the treatment of an ulcer."

Then he hedged a bit and said that, on the other hand, it is a good idea for an ulcer patient to stay away from alcohol, coffee, cigarettes, and foods that he knows give him trouble. Of course, that advice could apply to any of us would-be clean livers, right?

The traditional bland diet for ulcers includes a lot of mild and soft foods, but

no roughage such as raw vegetables and salad, no spicy foods, and no citrus juices.

Although excess acid in the stomach seems to be related to the pain of ulcers, doctors aren't sure acidity actually *causes* ulcers. However, antacids and drugs that inhibit the production of stomach acid seem at present to be the best ulcer treatments.

OK eat all the tacos you want!

Atlanta's a nice place to die in

Atlanta has been steadily gaining a reputation as *the* place to live in the South. Now plans are in the works to make it a classy place to die, also.

A high-rise mausoleum is scheduled to be built there—an imposing, \$10 million, six-story edifice of marble and granite. It is apparently *not* going to be built in the shape of a Pyramid but there will be space enough to "bury" 100,000 people. Actually, the "tombs" will be niches for cremated remains.

The cemetery with the big plans is Arlington Memorial Park. No information is available yet on the price of crypts, so we can't tell you if you'll have to be in the pharaoh salary range to get in or not.



Continued on page 99

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BITS & PIECES

Continued from page 97

Church goes wild over bananas



It seems there was this 300-foot long banana. No, that's not right. There was this 300-foot long banana *split*. And it was served out in Spokane, Washington, by members of the Spokane Baptist Church to untold hundreds of kids.

Here's the recipe.

Slice 80 pounds of bananas—the long way. Pile on 60 gallons of vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry ice cream. Smother with four *large* cans of chocolate syrup. Top off with 24 cans of whipped cream. Serve in plastic covered rain gutter.

What, no cherries?

Would you buy a Polish car?

Poland is getting it on with the Polski Fiat 126 P, a new passenger car designed in Italy put produced locally.

The beauty of the Polski Fiat is that it gets 50 miles to the gallon. The trouble with it is that it costs 69,000 zlotys (\$3,450). The average Pole earns 2,800 zlotys (\$140)

a month. Another slight difficulty is that the waiting list is several years long. So far only 5,000 of the cars are on the roads. It's hoped, though, that by 1978 the annual production will hit 200,000.

Private cars in Poland now number only 780,000 in a population of 33 million. To meet the expected needs of the increasing number of automobiles, the government is improving roads and road services. A drive-in movie theater for 100 cars will soon be built, as well as, praise be, a Holiday Inn in the ancient royal city of Krakow.

Snails are such fascinating lovers

On mild, damp mornings in the spring, the snails dance. Not an ordinary dance, you understand, but a dance of love, a prelude to sex.

Just what happens next is not clear, but we'll take the word of Dr. David Parkin, a Nottingham (England) University genetics researcher, that the sex life of snails is "fascinating." Parkin does report that snails are as unpredictable as anybody else about sex—they have to be in the mood.

The sex life of slugs, which Parkin also studies, is not so fascinating. They fertilize themselves.



There's nothing wrong with sex

For years now, we've been hearing that coaches forbid their players to have sexual activity before a contest. All that continence has been for naught, accord-

ing to a study made of this year's Olympic athletes. Having sex three to five times a week (the average for Olympians) doesn't sap their strength—it gives them more, they say. Probably, the researchers comment, it's the accompanying late hours, boozing, and dancing—not the sex—that does in the athletes the next day. We'll buy that.




People have the darnedest names

Life gets pretty dull sometimes down in Tallahassee in the office of the Florida Bureau of Vital Statistics. To liven things up, the director, Everett Williams, has kept a list of the most unusual names he's recorded during his 34 years with the bureau.

His list includes:

Mac Aroni	Charry Dacquiri
Candy Box	End of the Line
Betty Burp	Strange Odor
Curlee Bush	Tootsie Roll
Emancipation	Cigar Stubbs

Proclamation Cogshell

There have been twins named Pete and Repeat, Early and Curly, A.C. and D.C. and Bigamy and Larceny. At least one set of parents were obviously ecstatic over their new baby. They named her Gospel Lilly Floweryvine Virgin Mary Lord Caroline. And a little bit of Hawaii comes through in the longest name Williams remembers: Kekpalauliionapalihauiiuiokeloolau David Kaapuawaokamehameha—Junior. 

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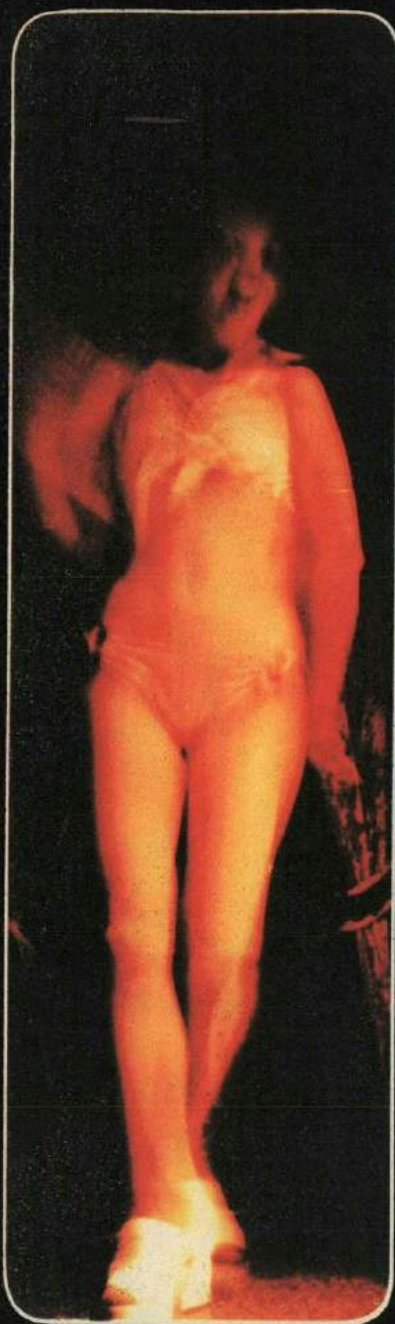
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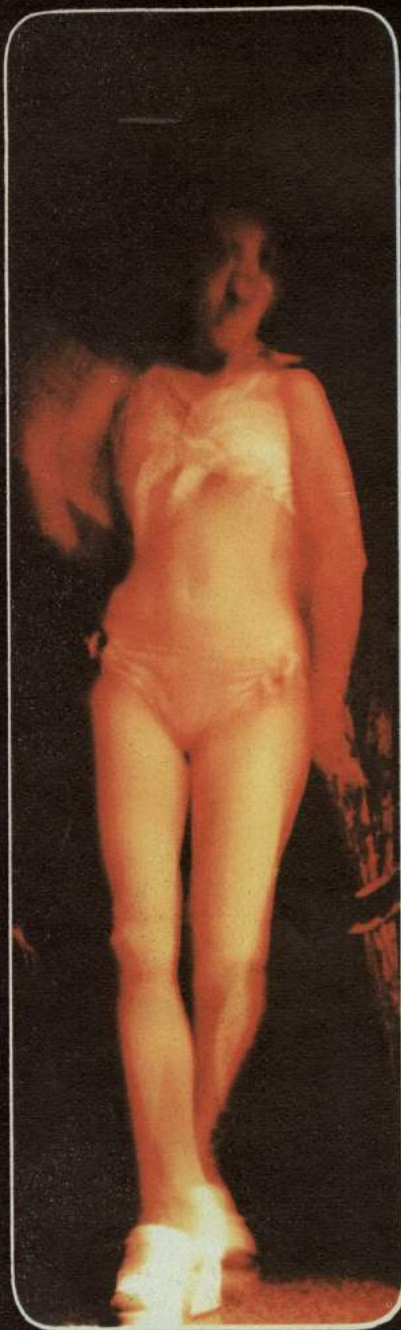
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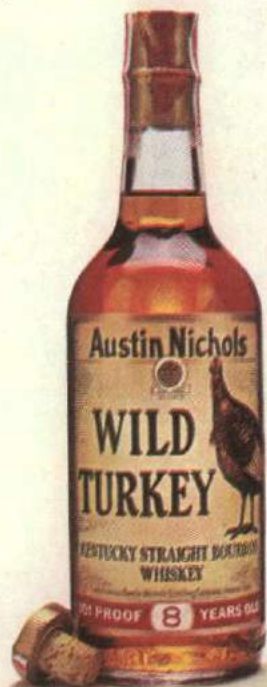
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